McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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CASES SMALL BUT MANY IN NUMBER

Regular Term of Criminal Court in Session This Week.

CASES MOSTLY ON MINOR CHARGES

Memorial Services for the late Hon. B. D. Hamlin Held Monday—General News of Session.

The regular term of Criminal court convened Monday, with Judge Joseph W. Bouton on the bench. Immediately following the convening impressive services were conducted in memory of the late Hon. Byron D. Hamlin. Suitable resolutions were adopted and ordered placed on the court record and addresses were delivered by Attorneys R.B. Stone, W. J. Milliken, E. L. Keenan, E. R. Mayo and S. W. Smith.

Judge Bouton appointed Harry Stoner of Bradford foreman of the grand jury and after hearing the returns of constables declared court adjourned for the day.

Tuesday's proceedings were as follows:

Commonwealth vs. Jud Jones, two indictments for assault and battery. Defendant found guilty on both indictments.

Commonwealth vs Clarence Scofield, assault and battery. Guilty.

Commonwealth vs Ralph M. Fowler, assault and battery. Not guilty and prosecutrix, Ethel Smith, and E. B. Fowler each ordered to pay one-half the costs.

The grand jury made the following returns:

Commonwealth vs Oscar Sanburg, assault with intent to rape. A true bill Same vs same, robbery. A true bill.

Commonwealth vs M. D. Murphy, assault and battery. Not a true bill and prosecutor, A. Kauffman, ordered to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs Frank and Henry Moss, larceny. A true bill.

Commonwealth vs Edward and William Hukes, malicious mischief. A true bill.

Commonwealth vs F. L. Brockler, forgery. Defendant plead guilty.

Two divorces were granted—Max Shepard vs Minnie Shepard and Willie Burger vs Mertie Burger.

Subpoena in divorce awarded in suit of Maud Butler vs Orson Butler.

The trial of Oscar Sanburg of Port Allegany on one charge of assault with intent to rape and another of robbery, was concluded yesterday. Sanburg was found guilty of the first charge and plead guilty to robbery. He was sentenced to the Western penitentiary for a period of seven years and six months.

Henry Moss of Bradford was convicted of larceny. He has not yet been sentenced.

The trial of F. and M. Hukes, charged with receiving stolen goods, was in progress this morning.

The grand jury reported on the following indictments:

Commonwealth vs Austin Frank, assault with attempt to kill, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs John Spegling, selling liquor to minors, not a true bill and county pay costs.

Commonwealth vs Antone Scarpello, bastardy, not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Jacob Goodman, larceny, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Percy Siggins, assault with intent to commit robbery, a true bill.

Commonwealth vs Peter Layton, assault and battery, not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Peter Layton, felonious assault, not a true bill.

Commonwealth vs. Joe Reckenback and Morris Ellison, receiving stolen goods, not a true bill.

Base Ball Results.

After one of the most exciting races in the history of the game Detroit was successful in winning the pennant in the American league, the season closing Sunday. The Philadelphia Athletics made a creditable fight for the flag, but were six percentage points behind at the finish.

Chicago was an easy winner in the National league with Pittsburg second and Philadelphia third.

The post season series for the championship of the world opened at Chicago on Tuesday, when the Chicago Nationals played a tie with the Detroit Americans, the score standing 3-3 at the end of the 12th inning when darkness stopped the game.

Yesterday Chicago was victorious, defeating Detroit by a score of 3 to 1.

Lost—Star shaped pin set with pearls with a little diamond in the center, between my home and Main street. Finder will be rewarded by returning to Mrs. A. B. Walker.

Mrs. Harry L. Backus will take a limited number of pupils for instruction on the piano. For further particulars call at 605 E. Main street, or 'phone 47b.

Four Italians Hanged.

For the first time in the history of the State with the exception of the execution of the "Molly Maguires" at Mauch Chunk, that four men have been hanged at the same time, was the infliction of the death penalty upon four Italians at Lancaster last Thursday.

Delero, Cellone, Rodelli and Carlni, were their names and the crime for which they were executed was almost exactly similar to the one that Godino and his companions committed at Coryville in March, 1906, and which resulted in the hanging of Godino and the sentencing of his three friends to 15 years each in the penitentiary.

The Lancaster hanging was the result of the killing of Plato Albanese at Gap, on August 30,—1906. The four men named above went to a shanty and demanded money of its eight Italian inhabitants. Plato resisted the robbers and cut Delero and Cellone with a razor, whereupon Delero shot and killed him, and his lifeless body was stabbed many times. Rodelli and Carlni were not concerned in the actual killing as they were keeping watch at the door, but in the eyes of the law all were equally guilty and were convicted of murder in the first degree.

The men protested their innocence upon the scaffold claiming that the killing was done in self-defense. While they were standing upon the scaffold Carlni wavered several times but he braced up. They stood in the following order on the scaffold: Delero, Cellone, Carlni and Rodelli. After the first named had made his statement the priests each gave absolution to the men, and the deputies then adjusted the black caps and strapped the legs and arms of the men. As this was being done the priests uttered the ejaculatory prayers and the condemned men responded. The men then bade good-bye to the priests and to each other.

The four then began repeating the prayer, "O Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and they were repeating this as Deputy Smith dropped a white handkerchief, which was the signal for Sheriff Ziegler to pull the trap.

This was 10:16 o'clock and as the white handkerchief fluttered downward Sheriff Ziegler pulled the rope. There was a sliding of bolts and a crashing of the doors as they dropped and the bodies of the four men shot downward. The physicians at once went to the sides of the men and began taking their pulse. None of their necks were broken and all four strangled to death. Carlni was the first to expire and he was pronounced dead at 10:31. Rodelli died at 10:25; Cellone at 10:29. The knot slipped up under Delero's chin and it was a long time before he was dead, as the strangled very slowly. His body writhed convulsively and his gasps for breath could be heard for some distance. It was twenty-two minutes after the drop was sprung before the last spark of life had fled, and it was not until 10:38 that the doctors pronounced him dead.

Woodchopper Badly Injured.

Sylvester Giovanno, aged 25 years, employed as a woodchopper near Cones, was badly injured Saturday by being struck by a falling tree.

Giovanno and seven other men were working together near their camp and while Giordio was felling a tree he failed to get out of the way of it. The tree crashed down upon him, crushing his legs and pinning him to the ground. His horrified companions were soon busily engaged in an effort to release the man and several minutes passed, during which he suffered the most excruciating pain, before he was dragged from his place of torture.

The injured man did not receive medical aid until evening. His companions placed him on the Shawmut train and took him to Mt. Jewett, from which place he was taken over the B., R. & P. to Bradford and hurried to the hospital, where Dr. Stewart attended him. The doctor found the unfortunate woodcutter in a precarious condition.

The right leg had been crushed and a section of bone, three or four inches in length, was smashed to pieces. The amputation of this limb will probably be necessary. The left leg was not fractured, but a splinter of wood, four inches in length, was imbedded in the flesh, producing a horrible wound.

The man's prospect of recovery is rather doubtful.

DON'T WORRY

About the Action of the Gas Company

In increasing the price of gas 25%, if you have a furnace. Get the Leader Specialty Mfg. Co. to put in the KERNS AUTOMATIC GAS & AIR REGULATING VALVES and your bill for this service will not be increased.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Stardevant.

Place your order for all kinds of fancy ice cream in bricks, moulds or bulk at Brasted's. Delivery on short notice.

BROKE HIS LEG.

Samuel Green of Smethport Meets With an Accident Near Ludlow Tuesday Morning.

Sam Green is confined to his home on East Green street as the result of an accident which happened to him near Ludlow, Tuesday at about 10:30 a. m.

Mr. Green has a large contract for getting out chemical wood and, aside from himself, has a number of men and teams at work. Tuesday he was driving a team attached to a heavy load of wood down a hill about three miles from the village of Ludlow. The road was very rough in place and suddenly one of the front wheels of the wagon dropped into a hole and the jolt threw Mr. Green from his seat on the load. He struck the wheel with his left leg in falling, but fortunately stopped the team before the load ran over him.

For about 20 minutes the injured man was in almost a fainting condition from pain. No one else was in the vicinity to help him, so he finally managed to climb on the load and drove to Ludlow, where he was soon under the care of Dr. Mealey.

The doctor found that one of the bones in Mr. Green's left leg was quite badly fractured just above the ankle, and set the injured member. Wednesday Mr. Green came to his home in this place, and the journey required considerable pluck from a man as badly injured as he is. He will be laid up for some time, but is very thankful that his injury is no worse, for he says, had the wheel run over him it would have completely crushed the leg.

Situation Well Handled.

The typhoid situation at Ridgway has improved so rapidly during the past two weeks that many of the nurses have returned to their homes. When the epidemic was at its zenith about four weeks ago almost two hundred trained nurses were required to take care of the patients. During that period it is said that at times the trained nurses were the only persons who could be seen on the streets. When the fever was at its worst it required four hospitals including the general hospital, the Elk's home and two emergency hospitals to accommodate the patients. Each of the hospitals had accommodations for about 50 patients. The situation now has improved to such an extent that in a few days the general hospital will have accommodations for all of the remaining patients. There has not been a death from typhoid fever for, about a week. During the course of the epidemic almost 900 cases of typhoid were cared for by trained nurses. Only about fifteen deaths have been reported and most of these can be traced to a complication of some other disease with that of fever. This is said to be a remarkable record as statistics show that in an epidemic of the kind through which Ridgway has passed about thirty per cent. of the patients fail to recover. The nurses who were called to Ridgway to assist in caring for the patients speak in the highest terms of praise concerning the treatment they received from the physicians and the people of Elk county seat, who by adopting the best and most aggressive measures known to medical science, handled the situation intelligently and doubtless kept the fatalities at the minimum.—Bradford Star.

New Company at Port Allegany.

The Port Allegany Oil and Gas company was organized on Wednesday evening for the purpose of obtaining a new gas supply for that place. They have secured leases for oil and gas rights on 1263 acres of land at the head of Sartwell creek. The company is formed of representative citizens, and the following officers have been elected, says the Argus: President, Joseph Butler; vice president, N. C. Wiepper; secretary, J. Lester Ward; treasurer, P. Rogan. The directors are S. R. Neece, J. Butler, N. C. Wiepper, J. L. Ward and P. Rogan. The field to be drilled joins the Bell Run territory, and has productive wells on three sides.

Man Killed Last Night.

The body of a man was found on the Pennsylvania railroad track a short distance from Clermont, by the crew of the train which reaches Smethport at 9:18 a. m.

He had evidently been struck by the train southbound last night.

The MINER is unable at this writing to give the man's name. The coroner was notified, but decided an inquest was unnecessary.

Have Contributions Ready.

A call will soon be made for a contribution to the McKean Co. Children's Home in Bradford. Clothing of all kinds and sizes is needed for the 33 children there at last report. Books, playthings of all kinds, bedding and anything needed and that can be used in such an institution. Please have your contributions ready.

MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND,
Secretary, W. C. T. U.

Subscribe for the MINER.

FRANK CHRISTIE,

with "The Lunatic and the Lady" Co., at the Lyceum, to-morrow night, Oct. 11.

Art Exhibit.

Every town takes an especial pride in its school and wishes their showing to be better than that made by surrounding towns. This local pride for the best has led the schools of the borough to avail themselves of the Horace K. Turner Traveling Art Exhibit, which is leased, with no financial guarantee, for the purpose of raising funds for school-room decoration. This collection of pictures is worth several thousand dollars and consists of two hundred beautiful reproductions of the world's leading subjects in painting, portraits, architecture, sculpture and natural scenery. The exhibit is for the purpose of inaugurating a series of Picture Studies in our own schools and to continue the work of school-room decoration. This purpose is a laudable one. The walls of many school-rooms present to the eyes of the pupils, and hence to their minds, only barrenness whereas, with suitable decoration, they could be made to convey a sense of comfort or cheerfulness always conducive to better work, and even much to be desired. He is far from to inspire the thought when the eyes wander from the lesson page as they will.

This celebrated collection of pictures will be on exhibition in the school building, second floor, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week from 7:30 to 10 p. m. and Saturday afternoon from 1 to 6 p. m. Admission—Pupils 10 cents, Adults 15 cents.

The success of the exhibit and the encouragement of a worthy cause may be secured:

1. By your attendance as a citizen, thereby helping to create a fund to be expended by the school for pictures. The admission fee is trifling for such a famous Art Exhibit.

2. By making a contribution of whatever amount you feel disposed to give toward the picture fund. For every dollar thus subscribed, pictures can be secured at a discount of 25%.

3. By giving your order for pictures for your own home or to give to your friends for Christmas. On such orders the schools are allowed a commission of 25%. If you should buy a picture listed at $12.00, the school fund would receive an addition of $3.00.

Last, but by no means least, by telling your friends of the opportunity to see the finest collection of art reproductions ever gathered together in this country, which show what the masters of old and modern times have produced.

The co-operation of every citizen is requested in the efforts of the public schools to secure the beautiful pictures for the walls of their school rooms. The public may rest assured that its patronage and any efforts, however small, to make this exhibit a success will be appreciated. Remember the time and place.

The Hamlin Library in the school building will hereafter be open on Tuesday and Thursday from 4:15 to 5:15 and on Saturday from 3 to 5 p. m.

Estray Notice.

Came to my premises on Thursday, Sept. 26, three head of cattle, one red and white yearling bull, one mouse colored yearling steer and one red and white yearling heifer—left ears wired. Owner can have same by proving property and paying damages. Otherwise they will be disposed of according to the law governing estrays.

JOHN BENSON,
Colegrove, Pa.

40 3t

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

The Postmaster Knew.

Melville B. Raymond, one of whose snappy musical comedies, "The Lunatic and the Lady" will be the attraction at the Lyceum, to-morrow evening, probably receives more applicants each summer for positions as soubrettes or chorus girls in some of his several companies than any New York manager. There is hardly a day passes that he does not receive from five to fifty, and they come from all parts of the United States. One of these kind of letters recently received was rather ingenious and after the applicant had spoken in the highest terms of her character, voice, face and shapely form added: "If you want to know anything more about me, I can refer you to the postmaster at Stokesdale Junction, Penn."

"Ole Olson."

The audience at the Lyceum Tuesday evening was made up of good-natured, and easy to please. Harry S. Drummell as "Ole Olson," and has much to be desired. He is far from being an expert in Swedish dialect and his actions in several scenes plainly revealed that he is not a pretty good Swede man. Ole, in spite some jokes he has using for the last sax'n years, but like the whirligigs of Lawyer Marks they generally raise a laugh.

Mrs. McGinnis and her rattling repartee were the bright spots in the performance. She is certainly amusing and her old Irish songs were heartily applauded.

Drummell was at his best in the last act and "The Swagger Swedish Swell," with its jaunty chorus was, as usual, well received. The balance of the cast are hard workers, but their acting ability is not above the average.

Date of Prosecution Fixed.

A Harrisburg dispatch in this morning's Era says in part: The trials of the 14 men under indictments in the Capitol prosecutions will begin on Monday, Jan. 27, 1908, this date having been fixed by the Dauphin county court this afternoon. Counsel for the defense immediately entered pleas of not guilty to the indictment and renewed the bail of the defendants for the time fixed for the trials. Most of the defendants were in Harrisburg when the cases were called up by District Attorney Weiss at 2 o'clock this afternoon, but none of them appeared in court. The action of the defense in entering pleas at this time assures a speedy trial as no demurrer to indictments or other dilatory tactics can be adopted.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Mode Restaurant.

Stomach troubles, Heart and Kidney ailments, can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The prompt and surprising relief which this remedy immediately brings is entirely due to its Restorative action upon the controlling nerves of the Stomach, etc.

A weak Stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak Heart with palpatation or intermittent pulse, always means weak Stomach nerves or weak Heart nerves. Strengthen these these inside or controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis., will mail samples free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this ample trial. Sold by All Dealers.

Do you know that Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice in drawing out inflamation and poison? It is antiseptic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief. 25 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Andersen, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Thirty-one years ago a beautiful young girl from Forestville, N. Y., by the name of Fannie Camp, commenced visiting the family then residing in Warren, of which the writer of this was a member. She was the picture of health, a sweet, loving creature, and was beloved by all who were fortunate enough to make her acquaintance. A sister of the writer (now the wife of Judge W. D. Brown) and Miss Camp were bosom friends and for years they were accustomed to exchange visits. Later on Miss Camp married Hon. E. Cowan, editor of the Warren Mail, and became a permanent resident of Warren. She proved a wife of the most devoted type and of spotless character. In March, 1880, a cancer of the most malignant type developed on her right breast, and from that day to this it has only been a question of time when she would pass "to that bourne from whence no traveler returns." All that medical skill, the tenderest care and the most devoted affection could do was done to temper the pain and suffering of her last illness. But the end finally came. The sad announcement reached us too late for our last issue that Mrs. Cowan had passed away at the age of 53 years, on Wednesday, May 18, 1887, amid the tears and caresses of devoted friends.

"Poor heart! she slumbers in the
silent tomb;
Let her possess in peace that narrow
room."

Mr. Elmer H. Knight and Miss Electa N. Dunlap, both of this place were made one by Rev. Rutger Dox in Olean on Saturday, June 4, 1887.

Kennedy-Riley.—At the parsonage of the M. E. church, Smethport, on Tuesday, June 6, 1887, by Rev. W. Bradley, Mr. Dennis Kennedy of Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Margaret Riley of Salamanca, N. Y.

Announcement was made in St. Luke's church on Sunday of the death of Bishop Stevens, who died at his home in Philadelphia on Saturday morning, June 11, 1887. Bishop Stevens was known to many in our town, he having laid the corner stone of St. Luke's church in Aug. 1881. The Bishop was the brother of Mrs. Catherine Butts, wife of the late J. E. Butts of Buttsville, and usually spent a part of his summer vacation in Buttsville. Bishop Stevens was born in Bath, Me., July 13, 1815. He was graduated M. D. from Dartmouth, Hanover, N. H., 1837. He subsequently added to this the diploma of the medical college of South Carolina. He took up his residence for a time in Georgia, engaged in his profession, and also issued a history of the State in two volumes. In 1838 he was ordained a deacon in the Episcopal church, and in 1843 became a rector of St. Andrew's church, Philadelphia, where he continued for fourteen years, being elected Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania in charge of the Diocese of Pennsylvania on the death of Bishop Alonzo Potter in 1865. Bishop Stevens was an accomplished scholar and took first rank among the Bishops as a preacher, being noted for clear, direct teaching, and the great beauty and power of his language. He was a loving, lovable character, wise, generous, courteous, steadfast and earnest, bringing him into constant sympathy with all classes of men, and giving fervor and impressiveness to his pastoral and social relations.

On Friday, June 17, 1887, a man by the name of August Larsens, was killed on the trestle work where the B., R. & P. Railroad track crosses the Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad, about four miles north of Mt. Jewett. He was watching the approach of a train on the R. & P. road when a B., R. & P. train came up behind him. The engineer of the latter train made every effort to make him hear the approach of his train but all to no effect. He was run over and instantly killed. The remains were taken in charge by the railroad company and buried in a cemetery near Mt. Jewett at the company's expense. Supt. McKenna did everything that could be expected of him and no blame is attached to anyone except the unfortunate victim whose own carelessness led to his death.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, a member of the Bar of the State of Minnesota, admitted to practice in all Courts organized under the authority of the said State, that he will apply to the State Board of Law Examiners for examination at its next regularly appointed sitting, for admission to practice as an attorney before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD,
40 4t Kane, Pa.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some 666 Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, LaGrippe, etc. Hence the name Preventics. Good for feverish children 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 10 cts. Sold by All Dealers.

Of Some Use In the World.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

Copyright, 1907, by C. W. Hooke.

EDGAR SHENSTONE was one of those lesser captains of finance and moderately swollen multimillionaires whose names have not become household words. In fact he was so quiet and unobtrusive in his ways that when our Wall street man came to me with a tip on Shenstone he began by asking, if I knew him.

The city editor of a newspaper is expected to know everybody, so that question will serve to indicate how incomplete Shenstone was. I responded that I had never had the pleasure of meeting that particular pirate, but I had heard of his works.

"He is the active agent in a big operation, we think that is being organized," continued Miles, the Wall street man. "The operations will probably be sensational enough to call for a stirring story."

Upon this hint I looked up Shenstone in the "morgue," as we call the great collection of clippings arranged in envelopes and carefully catalogued that every important newspaper keeps for reference. There was an envelope labelled "Shenstone, Edgar, Broker," but its contents were disappointing. I was particularly grieved to learn that we had no portrait, and after various unsuccessful attempts to procure one I sent a photographer to snapshot Mr. Shenstone, but he failed.

In the course of that week a writer named Sidney Colbert called to see me and ask for work. He was a genius in his way, but entirely useless on a newspaper. His specialty was literature, and he had written some very good stuff that had been printed in the best magazines, but he had no money sense, no push and no aptitude for enduring poverty.

I don't know how it happened, but somehow in the course of breaking to Sidney the sad news that he must continue to starve, because neither the Daily Record nor any other human institution had any use for him, I mentioned the unsuccessful search for Shenstone's portrait. The open Sidney fell into deep thought. The furrown by which his handsome countenance was wrecked and given became a little more visible to behold, and he muttered a long "I believe that I can do that," said he.

"Then get out an address of Mr. Shenstone," said Miles with earnest [illegible] "and if you say a word that I will [illegible]

"Wait," he said in a gasping despairing voice. "How much will you pay me?"

"I suppose," he said in a gasping despairing voice, "that you might be willing to [illegible] as $5 for the portrait.

"Five dollars?" said I, "why don't you [illegible] manager? Five dollars [illegible]

"Five dollars," [illegible]

"Here's an expense order for ten," said I. "Bring me a good picture before 9 o'clock tomorrow afternoon and I'll give you fifteen more. If you had never saw him."

"You might ask Mr. Miles," said he.

I summoned Miles and showed the picture.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Couldn't be better!"

"Did you ask Shenstone for this?" said I to Sidney. He nodded.

"Ever meet him before?" Sidney shook his head.

"Was he surprised at the sight of you?"

"He certainly was and amused too. The resemblance is so close as to be really ridiculous, considering the difference in our circumstances."

I paid Sidney the additional $15, and though I subsequently learned that he himself had posed for the picture I never regretted the bargain.

About two months later a somewhat mysterious stranger called upon me to inquire for Sidney Colbert's address. Suspecting this man to be a collector, I declined to give the desired information. On the following day a lawyer from the Wall street district came with the same request. He assured me that he was acting in my friend's interest. I told him that Sidney was just recovering from an illness and was in miserable circumstances and that I would make it warm for any one who annoyed him. Then I gave the address.

I was not altogether easy in my mind, however, and consequently I called at Sidney's lodgings one evening in the latter part of that week. He was not at home, and nobody had seen him for two days. Much disturbed, I went to see Miss Dean in the studio building, where she dwelt in girl bachelor fashion.

Miss Dean was quaking with nervousness, though she tried to conceal it. I was sure that she had been pacing the floor, which was littered with all the evening newspapers. She began by telling me that she did not know where Sidney was, but when I smiled upon her coolly she abandoned that deception and admitted that she did know, but was pledged not to tell.

"He has been so ill!" she cried, clinching her hands distractedly. "He ought to be in the country, where he could be quiet and have pure air to breathe."

"Is he in any sort of trouble?" I asked, and she said no, except that he was very weak from illness and needed rest.

"Is he at work?"

"Yes."

"Then he will soon have some money and can go out of town," said I.

"Twenty dollars a week!" she responded with withering scorn.

That was all I learned about Sidney, but Miss Dean consented to speak more freely of herself. I thought it my duty to inquire, because for all I knew she might be penniless. It appeared, however, that she was a fairly good painter, and, though the allowance upon which she lived was barely sufficient for her support, she had never gone in debt. Indeed she had for a time preserved some small savings, but these she had spent for Sidney during his illness. Either she had not known or, of course, it would never occur to him that little expenses for a sick man's delicate provender could have any considerable total.

I saw Sylvia quite frequently after that, but did not see Sidney nor could I get track of him, though I made various endeavors. A hint from Sylvia gave me the impression that the mysterious work in which Sidney was engaged might not be viewed with approval by a stern moralist, and this led me to believe that he was employed by Shenstone. It was possible, however, that he might be serving Shenstone's enemies. Could it be possible that his resemblance to the speculator was being used in some wild scheme of personation? Sidney would never consent to such dishonesty, but in the hands of the shrewd and reckless men who were fighting Shenstone's pool my friend would be a mere child. It would be no trouble at all for them to make Sidney believe that black was white.

Sylvia was as careless as most women are of the ethics of business. Her sole anxiety in this matter was for Sidney's health. I made out that she had either very meager reports of him or none at all.

I should not be surprised any day to hear that he was dead," said she to me, with black foreboding written on her face.

I think it was not twenty-four hours afterward that I was going through the regular daily report from one of the city news bureaus and came upon this paragraph typewritten upon the thin, flimsy yellow paper that they use:

"Sidney Colbert, a writer, was taken to St. Margaret's hospital late last night suffering with ulcer of the stomach. An immediate operation will be necessary. In this disease surgery is not resorted to until the ulcer penetrates the wall of the organ, and the chances are always against the patient. Doctors at the hospital declined to diagnose the case."

As soon as I could get away from the office I went to see Sylvia. She was not in. Presumably she was at St. Margaret's. There, however, I could get no word of her, nor was I able, with all my "pull," either to see Sidney or to send him a message. I obtained the information that the operation had been performed and that the patient's condition was fairly good. On the following day I learned that he was dead.

As Sidney had no near relatives I joined with some other men who had known him, and we claimed his body. The funeral was held in the chapel adjoining the hospital, and we gathered quite a company of mourners. But Sylvia was not present, and I could not find her. My anxiety was extreme, for I knew that she had loved Sidney with all her heart, but before I had taken any steps to trace her through the usual public machinery I received a rather curt message that she had gone to her old home in Maine. About three weeks later, however, I met her on the street.

It was near the place where she had lived, and I accompanied her there.

"Sylvia," said I when we stood in her little sitting room, "you say you have just got back to town. I don't believe you've ever been away."

"I haven't," she admitted.

I took her by the arm.

"Tell me," said I, "forthwith happy. What does this mean? Not very long ago I stood by the grave of a man I thought you loved"—

"You didn't," she whispered. "He isn't dead!"

I recoiled as from a blow and stared at her.

"I have it all in my bones," said I slowly. "I have dreamed it at night. We buried Shenstone!"

"Swear to me," she cried, "that you will not tell!"

"Give me the story," said I. "You have my word."

"Mr. Shenstone was taken ill," said she, "just at the beginning of a great fight. I don't fully understand"—

"I know all about that. He was managing a mighty big deal."

"It was thought that if the news of his serious illness got about," she continued, "the enterprise would fail."

"The speculative public would have swamped it in one day."

"Yes; that's it. Now, Sidney had been to see Mr. Shenstone for you to ask him for a photograph of himself, which Mr. Shenstone refused. So they knew how much he looked like Mr. Shenstone. Really the resemblance was very close, and as both men had been ill the deception was made easier. They offered Sidney $20 a week merely to go to Mr. Shenstone's office every day and sit in the private room, but, of course, they didn't let anybody in who knew Mr. Shenstone well. And Sidney has been living in Mr. Shenstone's house. They were both there together until Mr. Shenstone became so ill that it was necessary that Sidney should go. Then he was secretly carried into the office as Sidney Colbert. They [illegible] should have died at the right time."

"You wouldn't have seen him," said I. "The evil was worked."

"They don't want Sidney and never so returned after a shuddering pause. "It will be announced that Mr. Shenstone is going abroad. And his wife is going secretly to Dakota, where she will get a divorce for abandonment. And he is dead! Wasn't it to be dreadful?"

"And Sidney?"

"He and I shall be married very quietly, and we shall go to Italy. They are to give him a thousand dollars."

"What!"

"A thousand dollars."

"My dear young friend," said I, "if this story comes out it will drive these men up the tallest tree in the United States. They'll have to run for their lives. A thousand dollars, indeed! Just let me drop a hint to certain quarters; merely a hint, and you'll see what will happen. You don't understand the fraud and trickery of which Sidney has been the [illegible]. To you he has been shrouded of virtue. It seemed unjust that Mr. Shenstone's enemies should triumph over him merely because he was ill, and Sidney seemed to be doing no harm in taking his place. But there's been more in this game than Beelzebub himself could keep track of. Let me talk to those fellows."

At first she wouldn't listen, but I finally showed her that those sharks were merely laughing at Sidney at playing him for a fool, and, with her womanly resentment aroused, she agreed at least to tell them what she thought of them. She nearly frightened them to death. They executed contortions of apology and performed miracles of explanation, and the result was that Sidney got a life pension of $5,000 a year, upon which well earned income he and she are living in the most delicious content by the blue Mediterranean, and Sidney is writing a book, which will make his name famous. Not not his name, for that is on a tombstone, as I know, because I paid the bill for the carving. Perhaps the book will be by Edgar Shenstone.

I RECOILED AS FROM A BLOW AND STARED AT HER.

"HERE'S AN EXPENSE ORDER FOR TEN," SAID I.

A Startling Operation.

A startling real estate operation is noted in the following description in a deed on record in a certain county of North Carolina, copied unchanged from the book of deeds, with the exception only of the name of the unfortunate landowner: "Beginning at Beck's south corner running thence north fifty feet; thence west fifty feet; thence south fifty feet; thence east fifty feet to beginning, this being a plot of land fifty feet square cut from the back end of the said Pemima Jones."

Talent is that which is in a man's power. Genius is that in whose power a man is.—Lowell.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds and whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, cuts the phlegm, clears the head. For young and old. Guaranteed. Secure a bottle at once. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

THE DAINTY BUTTERFLY.

It Has a Perverted Taste in the Matter of Food and Drink.

Beautiful butterflies, a splendid and silent host, fluttered and [illegible] the tall white lilies in the quiet garden.

"How lovely they are!" said a nature student, stopping his tea. "How very—lovely they are, yet the richer their beauty the ranker their taste. The purple emperor, one of the finest butterflies, likes nothing for dinner as well as a dead cat a cat five or six days dead.

"Other beautiful butterflies subsist upon spoiled fruit. Fresh fruit they won't look at. It must be falling to pieces with rottenness.

"Even in their drink some of the loveliest butterflies have a perverted taste. Turning scornfully from dewy rose petals and from crystal springs, they suck out the vilest, foulest puddles wherein to quench their thirst.

"And nearly all butterflies are drunkards. Collectors intrap them by means of stale beer mixed with molasses. This they smear on the holes of trees. Unable to resist the dose, the most respectable butterflies—fathers of families, capitalists, elderly matrons—get hopelessly drunk and in the midst of their wild, silent orgy are crammed in big handfuls into the collector's pouch."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE GRAY EYED MAN.

He Is a Fighter, So Be Cautious in Provoking Him.

"I always feel a bit nervous," remarked a sergeant of police, "when I have to arrest a man with gray eyes, for I know that he is a born fighter and that I am likely to have a tough job.

"Most men when they are fighting retain a certain amount of discretion and remember that a brutal assault on the police is a very serious offense. But the man with the gray eyes, though he may in his calmer moments be quite aware of the folly of resistance, forgets all about that when his blood is up. He thinks of only one thing, and that is to win the fight.

"It isn't among criminals only that the gray eye denotes the fighter. I have observed the same thing among professional pugilists, an enormous proportion of whom have gray eyes.

"With soldiers and sailors it is just the same. Many of our foremost generals and admirals have eyes of this color. It is the more remarkable when we remember that the number of people who have gray eyes is small compared with other shades.

"The moral is that when you are dealing with a gray eyed man you should be cautious in providing him."—London Answers.

Mexico's Famous Parrots.

In the state of Tamaulipas, in Mexico, one of the much prized [illegible] yellow head" variety, [illegible] Several books [illegible] the woods are literally full of them, and are vocal with their harsh cry from sunrise to sunset. They seem to have but one note. It is only [illegible] that they are [illegible] In this country they are worth $10 apiece. Parrots build their nests in holes and hollows of trees, and in parts of Mexico they are so numerous that every available cavity is occupied by them in the nesting season. Nevertheless the work of procuring their young is extremely arduous, even for the expert natives. Trees in the tropics are commonly festooned with many climbing vines of thicknesses varying from a thread to the size of a ship's cable, and all this network of vegetation is usually infested by myriads of desperately fierce ants of large size, which both bite and sting. Many an unfortunate peon, it is said, has lost his life while engaged in this pursuit, because, tortured beyond endurance by the ferocious insects, he was unable to retain his grip.—Argonaut.

East Indian English.

Here is part of an actual speech delivered in an East Indian court of law by a pleader: "What they say is very, if not most, ridiculously absurd to believe. Indeed, it is incredulous. They say that the blood flew, and they did nothing to put the wounded into case. This, sir, is a lie, an unmitigated lie, or, rather, a falsehood or fable or story, or, as Byron sarcastically observes, a terminal exactitude. These buffaloes never used to graze on the field, which is not actually even proper grazing meadow. The destination which they started was half a mile from the cynosure to which they went. Unless they did ride on lightning horses, how could they reach to that promises in five minutes? Can any man—idiot even—will not believe such a stupid concoctation."

Bits From Shakespeare.

Users of everyday catchwords are constantly quoting that ubiquitous person Shakespeare. "Dead as a doornail," "long and short of it," "getting even," "tag-rag," "birds of a feather," "that's flat," "mum," "scarecrow," "solid," "milksop," "lodgerhead," "bag and baggage," "a mere song," "dancing attendance," "send him packing," "kill with kindness," "give and take," "fun oreore," "to boot" and "the man in the moon" are all his.

Sure Thing.

"I wish I knew how to make a barrel of money."

"I'll tell you how."

"How?"

"Spend a keg in advertising."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If you have anything to say to a mule, say it to his face.—Chicago News.

To cure a cold firstmove the bowels. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup acts gently on the bowels, drives out the cold, clears the head. It's pleasant to take and mothers highly recommend it for colds, croup and whooping cough. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Equally good for young and old. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

AN ODD SUPERSTITION.

British Fishermen Balk at the Name of Graham.

One of the most curious of British fishermen's superstitions, the one which perhaps to this day has the strongest hold upon them, is that connected with the name of Graham. No fisherman will go to sea if he has heard this name mentioned, nor will he do any manner of work upon that day. He will refuse to sail in a boat with any one bearing the name, and a house painter from Newcastle called Graham, who had been sent to do some work in one of the large houses, found his life made so unbearable by the villagers that he incontinently returned to the town, leaving his work uncompleted. The women who bait the lines in the winter will untwist every hook and refuse the whole length—the labor of hours—if they hear it mentioned. A local tradesman bearing this unfortunate patronymic is never referred to save as "Puff," another innkeeper, is known as "Lucky Bill." No rational explanation is to be found. On one of the most intelligent fishermen being questioned on the subject he laughed the idea to scorn. "Why, his daughter was married to a Graham. But, he added, a strange thing happened two years ago when he was off at the herring fishing, and had not been home for some weeks. Having received a letter at Shields to say that his son-in-law was ill, he hailed a passing boat which had come from the north, asking if they had heard how Jack Graham was. "And, wad ye believe't, no sooner had he [illegible] the words than there was a crash, and the mast went, over the side!" None of the crew spoke to him for the rest of the day.—New York Post.

HABITS OF SPIDERS.

"Do These Insects Sleep?" Is Not an Easy Question to Answer.

The question, "Do spiders sleep at night?" is not easy to answer. I have made a careful observation of the sleep of ants, and that could readily be done by watching colonies in their artificial formicaries. It is almost impossible to deal with spiders in the same way. I would answer, however, in general terms that spiders sleep as all animals do, and doubtless parts of the night are spent in slumber. Many species, however, prey on the night flying insects, and so must be awake in order to catch their prey. If you will watch the porch or outbuildings of your home on a summer evening you will no likely to see an orb weaving spider drop slowly down on a single thread in the gathering dusk of the evening. From this beginning a round web will soon be spun, and either hanging at the center thereof or in a little nest above and at one side is the architect, with forefeet clasping what we call the "trap line" and waiting for some night flying insect to strike the snare. In this position spiders will sometimes wait for hours, and it is just possible that they may then take a little nap. They might easily do that and yet not lose their grip, for the agitation of the web would rouse the sleeper, and then it would run down the trap line and seize its prey. Some species of spiders do the chief part of their hunting at night, and these are going who chiefly hunt during the day, but as a rule these industrious animals work both day and night.—St. Nicholas.

Suffered For His Chickens.

In London as far back as 1761 a city ordinance was passed to suppress the early morning cries of the street hucksters. This law was so severe that a person arrested twice for the same offense could be imprisoned for ten years. There is one record of a man lingering in prison for ten years. When his time was up he was asked what his crime was.

"For selling chickens that squawked," was the reply.

In the confusion of the trial the fact was not brought out that the chickens and not the man were responsible for the din that aroused the wrath of the disturbed citizens.

Wanted Money Too.

Ned, walking with his father, saw him give a beggar 5 cents and inquired into the matter.

"What did you give that man 5 cents for, papa?" asked Ned.

"So that he might eat bread, my boy," said the father.

That evening at the supper table it was observed that Ned declined to eat any bread, in any shape.

"Aren't you eating bread nowadays, my boy?" his mother asked.

"No, mamma."

"Why not?"

"So papa'll give me 5 cents."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Might Start a Forest.

A lady told a party of friends that she had quarreled with her husband and had planted a tree in memory of their first falling out.

"What a splendid idea," whispered another lady in her husband's ear; "if we had adopted that plan we might have had by now a fine avenue of trees in our garden."

Blind to Them.

"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex. "The only way that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes."

According to Rules.

Sentry—You can't leave. Soldier—But I have the captain's oral permission. Sentry (importantly)—Let's see it!—Il Motto per Ridere.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. —Jefferson.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 10, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Fry & Comes have a new ad to-day.

—The Lunatic and the Lady" to-morrow night.

—Swell chance to buy dress goods now. See Ball Bros., Olean, ad.

—Jonathan Colegrove is having his dwelling house on East Main street repainted.

—E. W. Strong has a something to say about mantles in his ad to-day that is of interest to everybody.

—Daly & Garlick make brief remarks about cutlery in their ad to-day, which it will be to your advantage to read.

—Isaac C. McAllister, yard conductor of the P., S. & N. R. R. at St. Marys, was run over by a train at that place on Monday of last week and instantly killed.

—See the art exhibition at the school building next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Admission, adults 15 cts. pupils 10 cts.

—Harley Sawyer and family are now occupants of the property at the foot of Hill street, which Chas. McVane recently purchased from Andrew Ness. Mr. McNune and family will also move into this dwelling house about the last of the month.

—The exhibition of art photographs which opened in City Hall this morning represents the finest thing in this line which has ever visited Springfield, and merits a good attendance.—Springfield Union. At the school building next week, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

—"Back to Baltimore," will be the song of many Marylanders and others who will take advantage of the Pennsylvania railroads low rates to Baltimore for the old home week celebration, beginning October 13. The Pennsylvania's ad in anothe column tells you all about it.

—County Supt. Baylo has booked an exceptionally strong course for the Institute entertainments this year. There will be five nights as follows: Monday, Oct. 28, Royal Gypsy Concert Co.; Tuesday, "Greatest Pictures in the World," Preston W. Search; Wednesday, Lord Chumley, Leland Powers; Thursday, High School Contest; Friday, If I Were King, Miss Maude Willis.

A Most Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts from native medicinal roots and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and antiferment. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherry-bark, Bloodroot, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, contained in "Golden Medical Discovery" in subduing chronic or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherrybark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough, and driving from the system the seeds of disease. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages, but it will cure many severe, obstinate, hang-on, chronic coughs, bronchial and throat affections, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering hang-on coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures.

Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago, says of glycerine:

"In dyspepsia it serves an excellent purpose, holding a fixed quantity of the peroxide of hydrogen in solution, it is one of the best manufactured products of the present time in its action upon enfeebled, disordered stomachs, especially if there is ulceration or catarrhal gastritis (catarrhal inflammation of stomach). It is a most efficient preparation. Glycerine will relieve many cases of pyrosis (heartburn) and excessive gastric stomach acidity."

"Golden Medical Discovery" enriches and purifies the blood curing blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings and old sores or ulcers.

Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet telling all about the native medicinal roots composing this wonderful medicine. There is no alcohol in it.

Applying the Test.

"There was a barber in an Indiana city who, having been 'out late the night before, had a shaky hand the next morning and cut a patron's cheek four times," said the man who insisted on saw the incident. "After each accident the barber said as he smeared away the blood, 'Oh, dear me, how careless' and laughed and let it go at that.

"The patron took all these gashes in grave silence, but when the shave was over he filled a glass at the water cooler, took a mouthful of water and, with compressed lips, proceeded to shake his head from side to side and to toss it up and down.

"'What is the matter?' the barber asked. 'You ain't got the toothache, have you?'

"'No,' said the customer. 'I only just wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking, that was all.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Evolution of the Raft.

The canoe was one of the earliest of boats, but it is not in line with the later growth. The ancestry of the modern boat begins with the log and is traced through the raft rather than through the canoe. By lashing together several logs it was found that larger burdens could be carried. Therefore the boat of a single log grew into one of several logs—a raft. By the time man had learned to make a raft we see he had learned something else—he had learned to row his boat along by pulling at an oar instead of pushing it along with a paddle. Rafts were used by nearly all the nations of antiquity. Herodotus, the father of history, tells us that they were in use in ancient Chaldea.—S. E. Forman in St. Nicholas.

Another In the Field.

She was pretty, and the drug clerk was glad to sell her a stamp.

Also to weigh her letter.

Also to lick the stamp and affix it to the envelope.

"Put it on upside down, please," she simpered. "That means something to Charlie."

Then the drug clerk lost interest.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Woman's Wiles.

"What a hold Maud seems to have on all her rejected suitors."

"Why shouldn't she, the artful thing! She always tells a man when she refuses him that she is afraid to marry a handsome man because she would be so jealous."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dadoa Little Liver Pills act on the liver; and headache, consumption and billiousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Majestic Webster.

Theodore Parker says the following graphic description of Daniel Webster in the famous three hour sermon preached soon after Webster's death:

He was a man of large mold, a great body and a great brain. He seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates there has seldom been a head so massively large save the stormy features of Michael Angelo. Since Charlemagne I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. The coal heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe. They recognized a native king. In the senate of the United States he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common compared with him. Clay looked vulgar and Van Buren but a fox. What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth, yet there was a sweet grandeur in the smile and a woman's softness when he would. What a brow it was! What eyes! like charcoal fires in the bottom of a deep, dark well! His face was rugged with volcanic fire, great passions and great thoughts. "The front of Jove himself; an eye like Mars, to threaten and command."

Came Near It.

Wit and humor are such elements, fundamental things that it has always been found difficult to analyze them. Upon some points, however, those who have essayed this puzzling task agree, for they all hold that wit is an intellectual, humor an emotional, quality; that wit is a perception of resemblance and humor a perception of contrast, of discrepancy, of incongruity. The incongruity is that which arises between the ideal and the fact, between theory and practice, between promise and performance, and perhaps it might be added that it is always or almost always a moral incongruity. In the case both of wit and humor there is also a pleasurable surprise, a gentle shock which accompanies our perception of the hitherto unsuspected resemblance or incongruity. A New England farmer was once describing in the presence of a very humane person the great age and debility of a horse that he formerly owned and used. "You ought to have killed him," interrupted the humane person indignantly. "Well," drawled the farmer, "we did—almost."—Atlantic.

A Strenuous Statesman.

In his "Eclipse and O'Kelly" Theodore Andrea Cook tells a story of the English statesman and sport Fox. He had watered something about a waistcoat which could only be obtained in Paris, went off in Dover by night, caught the mail packet, crossed to Calais and back to Calais, and remembered he had a horse racing at Newmarket. He chartered a fishing boat bound for the mainguard channel, just got to Newmarket in time for the race, took the post back to London and stopped on the way to dine. In the middle of the port and olive after dinner he was caught by a special messenger who had been touring over half of England in search of him and reminded that he had to move to bring in a marriage bill in the house of commons. He rushed to the stables, mounted the horse in time to make a brilliant speech in reply to North and Burke and defeated North on a division by a single vote.

The Bee's Feet.

Naturalists say that the feet of the common working bee exhibit the curious combination of a basket, a brush and a pair of pinchers. The basket, the hairs of which are arranged in symmetrical rows, is seen only with a high grade microscope. With this brush of fairy-like delicacy the bee brushes its velvet robe to remove the pollen dust with which it becomes loaded while sucking up the nectar of flowers. Another delicate apparatus is the spoon shaped appendage that receives the pollen grains that the bee wishes to carry to the hive. Finally, by opening the brush and the basket by means of a neat little hinge, the two become a pair of pinchers, which render important service in constructing the cells for the reception of the honey.

Tinged Tongue.

"Are you studying Esperanto, Mr. Idiot?" asked the linguist.

"I am not," said the idiot. "I can talk too much in English if I wish to."

"It is a very fine language," said the linguist—"condensed, concise and easily acquired."

"No doubt," said the idiot. "But I don't care for potted tongue."—Broadway Magazine.

The Other Captain.

Captain (witheringly to private)—My friend, you ought to be eating hay. Are there any more like you in your family? Private—I have only one brother, sir. Captain—Oh! And what is he? Private—Captain, sir.—Bon Vivant.

His Act of Charity.

Mrs. Henpeque—So you did an act of charity to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of our wedding. Mr. Henpeque—Yes; I refused a raise in salary to one of my clerks who wanted to get married.

One Use For It.

"I notice that you writers use a great deal of tobacco. Does it stimulate your brains?"

"I don't know, but it makes you forget that you're hungry."—Cleveland Leader.

The Bachelor's View.

"What is the most aggravating thing in married life?" asked Dorothy.

"Sometimes," said the bachelor friend, "it's the husband, and sometimes it's the wife."

Her Way.

"There's a young woman who makes little things count."

"How does she do it?"

"Teaches arithmetic in a primary school."

Do not seek glory; nothing so expensive as glory.—Sydney Smith.

Tennyson's Cynicism.

Sir Vere de Vere was the eldest son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, the commentator and friend of Wordsworth. His brother, Aubrey de Vere, was a more than well known, a famous poet, and to him in his youth Walter Savage Landor addressed the exhortation:

Make thy proud name still prouder for
Thy sons.

He had no sons, however, never having married. Neither had his brothers, Vere and Stephen. Thus the name, as a family name, disappears.

The De Veres were early friends of Tennyson's, and it was from them that the poet took the name which he made proverbial and symbolical of a class—"the seats of Vere de Vere." Lady de Vere, the only Lady de Vere of fact then living, was inclined to complain that her name should be bestowed upon the black hearted Lady Clare of fiction.

Tennyson wrote dainty verses, but was not master of dainty epigrams. He growled: "Why, she's a fool and can't flirt, of course, for if she could she wouldn't make your acquaintance, and I didn't make her stupid. I only made her wicked."

The Nurse's Part.

"Why do so many people insist on having nurses for their children?" asked the thoughtful woman.

"Because they don't want to be disturbed" answered the unthinking man. "A nurse is responsible for a crying baby out of her own hearing and let it stay on the back porch to annoy the neighbors."—Washington Star.

An Improvement.

"Jumping cats!" yelled the victim in the chair. "You've cut off part of my ear!"

"Why, so I have," replied the barber coolly, "but it's just a nick. It looks better than the other ones does."

His Three Laughs.

"The fool," says Burne-Jones in one of his letters, "has three laughs. He laughs at what he knows, he laughs at what is bad, and he laughs at what he does not understand."

When your Watch Stops

You cannot make it go by shaking it.

When the bowels are constipated you can disturb them with cathartics but, like the watch, they will not be able to do their allotted work until they are put into proper condition to do it.

One cannot mend a delicate piece of mechanism by violent methods, and no machine made by man is as fine as the human body.

The use of pills, salts, castor-oil and strong cathartic medicines is the violent method. The use of the herb tonic laxative,

Lane's Family Medicine

is the method adopted by intelligent people.

Headache, backache, indigestion, constipation, skin diseases—all are benefited immediately by the use of this medicine.

Druggists sell it at 25c. and 50c.

New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport. Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 402

BURDICK & SARTWELL PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

L. K. Hogarth

We have New Designs in

Hand Painted

AND

Cut Glass

Our Glass is Hawkis Standard Ware suitable for acceptable wedding gifts. We pack ready for shipping free of charge.

L. K. HOGARTH,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT

There are

MANTLES

and

MANTLES

But when you buy a

WELSBACH

MANTLE

you are getting the best quality possible all prices from 15c to 35c each.

Try the Welbach and you will use no other.

For sale by

EDGAR W. STRONG.

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBY BLOCK. SMETHPORT

New Millinery.

We are now showing all the latest and most stylish trimmed hats for ladies and children. A new assortment of beautiful waists and tailored skirts for Fall wear. The most up to date line of mats and furs for ladies. Novelties of all kinds.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

Photo Fancies

For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen

THE HIT

OF

THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer. Smethport, Pa.

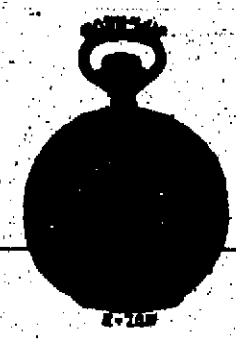
Notice of Administration.

In the matter of the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of McKean County upon the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, late of Keating Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified and required to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

W. E. WILSON, Administrator.

Cyclone, Pennsylvania, September 11, 1907.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. We use a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Catarrh

To prove unquestionably, and beyond any doubt, as Catarrh of the nose and throat can be cured, in furnishing patients through druggists, small a Trial Bottle of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure, I will be pleased to do so much, that Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure will bring actual substantial, healthing curability, is so convincing as a physical of any article of real, gratifying merit. But this ple must possess true merit—else the test will ideem, rather than advance it. Dr. Shoop's tarrh Cure is a snow white, healing, antiseptic, ke, put up in a beautiful nickel capped glass bottle. Such soothing agents as Oil Eucalyptus, rmol, Menthol, etc., are incorporated into a vel, cream like Petrolatum, imported by Dr. oop from Europe. If Catarrh of the nose and oat has extended to the stomach, then by air and also use internally, Dr. Shoop's Restorative, much distress, a look of general strength, ating, belching, biliousness, bad taste, and ally call for Dr. Shoop's Restorative. or uncomplicated catarrh only of the nose and out nothing else, however, need be used but

Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethpo

The Home County News

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.00 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our rate position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for display insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. RACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 10, 1907

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

ANOTHER negro has been lynched in Maryland. The victim was William Burns, who killed a policeman at Cumberland. He was taken from jail by a mob of 100 men and his body riddled with bullets.

FOUR men were killed and thirty others terribly injured in an explosion at the Standard Steel Car Co.'s plant in Butler late Sunday night. The frightful accident was caused by the upsetting of a pot containing 5,000 pounds of molten metal. A number of the injured men are not expected to recover. The victims were nearly all foreigners.

CHARGED with the murder of 9-year-old Ethel Nevins, William Wood, aged 18 years, is in jail at Camden, N. J. He has confessed that he took the child to a lonely cemetery and assaulted her, afterwards killing her with a hatchet because she screamed. He then tried to conceal the body by covering it with rubbish, but it was soon discovered. Owing to his youth the chances are that he will never suffer the death penalty. This is one of the most peculiar and revolting crimes in the criminal annals of New Jersey.

TRUE bills have been found in all of the cases prescribed by the attorney General's office against the men charged with grafting in the building and furnishing of the State Capitol. The grand jury of Dauphin county has done its work well and has been discharged. It now remains for the court to fix a day for beginning the trials. The State is ready. Naturally, the defence will fight for delay. Both sides will present their arguments before the courts this week and, after hearing the lawyers the judge will determine upon a date. Thus has the great Republican Party of Pennsylvania kept faith with the people.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

NO Republican with the welfare of his party at heart will vote against the ticket at the November election. No Republican should allow himself to be misled by the frantic efforts of the Democratic press to convince people that Republicans are not to be trusted with the State funds. The Democrats and so-called independent Republicans have not cornered the honesty market. They even admit that Mr. Sheatz is honest, but liable to be led astray. Just why Mr. Sheatz is more liable to go wrong than Mr. Harman they do not satisfactorily explain. The safe way is for all Republicans to support their own ticket in both State and county—and most of them will do so.

Mr. Sheatz is Popular.

[Special Correspondence.]

Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 8.

John O. Sheatz, Republican nominee for state treasurer, is making a personal canvass of the state, and wherever he goes he is received with enthusiasm and there is reason to believe he will be elected by a splendid majority.

"I am meeting the people face to face," said Mr. Sheatz, as he chatted about his campaign, as he stopped off here between trains, "and I am more than pleased with my receptions.

"I want the people to scan my record in the legislature and vote accordingly.

"While acting as chairman of the appropriations committee at Harrisburg during the last session of the legislature, I was particularly interested in the matter of increasing the public school appropriation for the counties.

"With the help of the rest of the committee and the consent of our good governor, we succeeded in increasing the former amount $4,000,000, thereby making the total $15,000,000 for the next two years.

"Besides providing this great amount for the public school system, there were also large sums appropriated for the state normal schools, for the State College and the Universities of Pennsylvania and Pittsburg—all of which aim for the benefit of the young men and women of our state, and I am looking forward to the time when the state government of Pennsylvania shall appropriate all the money necessary to educate her children.

"No state in the Union gives nearly as much to her counties as Pennsylvania for the public schools. We want to give to each child better opportunities to become a well educated citizen, to be better qualified to do his or her part toward keeping our state in the front ranks of the Union, for these advantages should lead to a higher standard of citizenship and better government.

"When the people of Pennsylvania elected that splendid representative American, Edwin S. Stuart, governor of this commonwealth, they laid the foundation of better government and the people need have no anxiety as to the welfare of their state, for their government will be conducted safely and honestly.

"The assertions made by members of the opposing party, that there should be a minority representative in the board of public grounds and buildings in order to insure economy and honesty, does not appeal to the people of broader minds who know the sterling qualities of Edwin S. Stuart, our governor, and Robert S. Young, auditor general, two of the three men comprising that board.

"As a candidate for the office of state treasurer of this state, I am free from any obligations whatever, excepting my duty to the people of this commonwealth, and if my fellow citizens believe in me and feel I will be true to the trust I ask them to repose in me, then those they will vote for me."

Prohibition Column.

For County Treasurer,
S. M. LOVE,
of Rixford.

For State Treasurer,
M. H. STEVENSON,
of Pittsburg.

In making the above announcement the Prohibition party feels satisfied the best possible candidates have been obtained.

Mr. Love is pre-eminently qualified for the office he seeks. He has served the county acceptably in a minor capacity. He is a business man of sterling honesty and integrity, and has lived a life above reproach. Ring rule has no place in his make up, and no political machine has any control over him. He is an ideal candidate.

Mr. Stevenson is one of the leading lawyers of Pittsburg. He is an orator and temperance worker and reformer of rare ability. Vote for these men next November, and you'll neither be sorry nor ashamed.

J. W. NEILLY, press agent.

TRIED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND WANTING.

The high license system. Why? Because the consumption of intoxicants per capita is increasing in the license districts of the U. S. License was adopted because people thought it would restrict the traffic. Instead it has increased alarmingly. Therefore license is a failure.

Prohibition prohibits if given a fair trial.

Pennsylvania's turn is coming soon.

Do you want to be early in line?

Then vote for S. M. Love, a good solid business man of Rixford, for county treasurer, and M. H. Stevenson, the eminent lawyer and reformer, of Pittsburg, for State treasurer.

The election is only in November.

J. W. NEILLY, press agent.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

CLEAR YOUR COMPLEXION
THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED
BOWEL BON BON
Patented March 6, 1906

HUN-E-LAX
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"PURE AS HONEY"
AS GOOD AS IT'S PURE

Cleanses your insides with natural sweetness, imparts tone and regularity to the movement of the bowels and keeps the liver active.

Clears your complexion.
Cures sick headache.
Stimulates the healthy growth of every organ in the body and insures perfect health and long life. (3)

10 cents—The Box of 8—all druggists
Widds Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of James Landrigan, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of James Landrigan, late of the township of Annin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

O. D. UNDERWOOD, Administrator.
Coryville, Penna., August 15th, 1907.

CLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

Special Notice.

Now is the time to visit our Big Ready-to-Wear Department. Our buyers are just back from their 2nd New York trip with the latest Parisian styles in ladies' suits, jackets, coats and fur garments. The showing will be greater during the next ten days than anytime this season.

Novelty Dress Goods
In All the Latest Shades
Modish Dress Fabrics at Moderate Prices
Broadcloths

The best values, the best variety. If you wish to know where you can obtain the best values, let us furnish you with samples so you can make comparisons. Our $1 and $1.25 cloths in most every instance equals those offered by others and is worth a quarter more.

OUR $1.50 & $2 CLOTHS

Are made from finest yarns and retain a beautiful lustrous finish after being sponged.

$2.50 & $3.50 BROADCLOTHS

Are made from the very choicest selected yarns and appeal to buyers who appreciate exquisite colorings and fineness of finish.

PANAMAS—What a collection of colorings! Grade No. 1 colors, navys, browns, greens, reds and black, all wool, 36 inch, per yard.....59c

GRADE NO. 2 colors, blues, reds, browns and blacks, 45 inches wide, value $1 per yard.....85c

GRADE NO. 3 colors, blues, browns, reds and black, 46 inches wide, a very fine quality, per yard.....$1.00

We Like to Show Our Goods.

BELL BROTHERS

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

BALTIMORE OLD HOME WEEK.

Maryland is sending invitations to her sons and daughters scattered everywhere to come to a grand reunion, and is making extensive preparations to give them when they come, a week of right royal entertainment.

New Baltimore, sprung Phoenix-like from the ashes of the fire of 1904, will make of Old Home Week, October 13 to 19, one continual round of patriotic and civic display.

There will be an electric pageant, a magnificent military and naval display, a gathering of patriotic societies, a parade and ball by the fraternal orders, a big concert, and a night carnival.

There will be also a special pilgrimage to Annapolis on "Peggy Stewart Day," Saturday, October 19, when visitors will have an opportunity to inspect the magnificent new buildings of the United States Naval Academy and the remodeled State House, so full of historic associations.

The Homecomers will have the advantage of specially low railroad rates. The Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Baltimore, October 12 to 14, good for return passage until October 21, inclusive, from all stations on its lines north and east of Shrewsbury, Principio, and Port Deposit, at a considerable reduction from the regular fare.

Every former Marylander, whose address is known will receive a special invitation, issued by Governor Warfield, and the whole week will thrill with the hospitality for which the Old Line State is so famous.

For exact rates, conditions of tickets, and train service, consult nearest Ticket Agents.

JUST A WORD
WE CARRY
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

They are all in

A new and complete line of everything for fall for men.

New Swell Suits, The Latest Raincoats, Nifty Neckwear, Up-to-date Overcoats, Sweaters of all kinds.

Everything the best at the lowest prices.

We can fit your pocketbook as well as yourself.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

The Brownell Store
ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR
PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
We Can Please You.
Emperor and Puritan 30c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents
Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at
20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY
IN THE
Grange National Bank
of McKean County,
at SMETHPORT,

Where safety is assured, under the United States Government supervision and examination.

HOW PEOPLE LOSE THEIR MONEY

By concealing it about their person; by stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars; by sewing it up in skirts and ticks; by tucking it under the couches and carpets, in cupboards and bureau drawers; these are some of the ways by which people lose their money, and sometimes their lives.

HOW PEOPLE SAVE THEIR MONEY

By depositing it in a good, reliable bank.

Confident that this bank fully meets the public needs, we tender its services to all who believe in keeping on the safe side.

THE LINDHOLM CO.

STORE NEWS

OCTOBER SALE OF BEDDING

The Saving Chances are Great. Prices Actually Lower than ever.

Cotton Blankets: Light and dark colors. Worth 75c. October Sale — **60c**

Heavy Blankets, Extra Value. Worth $1.00. October Sale — **75c**

Very Large Extra Fleeced Blankets, assorted colors. Worth $1.75. October Sale — **$1.40**

The Best Cotton Blanket Made. An elegant value. October Sale — **$2.48**

Wool Blankets: Our Leader. Worth $5.50. October Sale — **$4.50**

A Special Wool Blanket: Recommended for its beauty, warmth, and wearing qualities. Sold everywhere at $6.00. October Sale — **$4.95**

Other Grades at $6.75, $7.50 and $8.00 are just as good values.

Special Bed Spreads: 1 regular $1.00 retailer. October Sale — **89c**

Extra Sized Quilts at **$1.48, $2.00, $2.25, $3.00**

PILLOWS: Pure feathers, fancy and art tickings at $1.25, 1.75, 2.25, 3.00, 4.00, per pair.

Maish Lammated Cotton Down Comforts are sold only by us. They are the finest Comforts that can be produced and are here ready for you at popular prices. In fact you can have Maish Comforts for the price you would have to pay for the inferior goods.

The Cloak Department.

This week is showing a regular $10 Coat at $7.50.

A Beautiful Black Kersey Coat. Loose back collarless coat, cheap at $15.00, at $10.50.

ALSO 20 Special Coats for October Sale. Value at from $28.50 to $35. Special at $25.00.

These are Black, Red, Wine, Brown, Blue.

Children's Coats.

Bought at a close price we can offer you values that will surprise. Prices range from $1.98 up. A visit to this department will pay you a handsome reward if you are interested in coats.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

CUTLERY

Carvers, Butcher Knives, Sticking Knives Skinning Knives, and knives of all kinds. These knives are all guaranteed. If you find a flaw in your knife return it and get a new knife or your money. No questions asked. We have also added to our stock a line of Pocket Knives manufactured by the Smethport Cutlery Co.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 10, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Criminal court week.

—The "Country Cousins" met at the home of L. D. Gifford on Mill street yesterday.

—Attorney T. H. Morrison has been confined to his home for several days on account of illness.

—D. M. Brasted has a change of advertisement in this issue to which your attention is directed.

—There will be a dancing school started at the hose house next Wednesday from 7:30 to 9:30 p. m.

—The Lindholm Co. quotes some interesting prices in its ad to-day. Bargain hunters should read it.

—Chadwick's orchestra blossomed out in natty new uniforms at the dance in the Lyceum last Saturday night.

—Louis Dickison, who has been employed in Punxsutawney, returned to his home in Smethport on Saturday last and is now suffering from typhoid fever.

—Editor Dennison of the Bradford Era attended a meeting of the Associated Press in New York this week.

—Your attention is directed to the advertisement of the Prohibition party which appears as a reading notice in another column of to-day's issue.

—The Travelers' Club held its first meeting of the 1907-8 season last Saturday afternoon in its new quarters over D. C. Young's store, where rooms have been fitted up in very comfortable shape for this club's convenience.

—Recent reports seem to offer some hope that the window glass factories in this section will resume operations within the next few weeks. It is said by some that the wage scale will be modified to meet existing conditions.

—Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Chapman, is ill with diphtheria at his home on Main street, and the house is quarantined. The boy has a very slight attack of the malady and his condition is reported as in no way dangerous.

—Miss Mabel Frost, daughter of Master Toaser Frost of the Camp plant, lighted the fire under the tank in that plant at noon Thursday. It is said that whether or not the fire remains depends on the provisions of the new scale that is being prepared.—Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Daily Republican-News.

—Walter Daly wishes to announce that he has three horses for sale instead of one as advertised on the handbills for his auction sale next Tuesday.

—Andrew Ness and family will depart next week for their new home near Tuttle, Indian Territory, where, it is understood, Mr. Ness has purchased a farm.

—Some of the employees of the cut glass plant went on a strike Monday. Just what caused the trouble could not be learned, but at this writing a number of the men have returned to work, and the affair does not appear to have been very serious.

—Monday night about 11 o'clock a fire occurred at Duke Center which resulted in the destruction of a barn belonging to Charles Duke. An automobile, several carriages and a horse were saved from the flames. Mr. Duke's loss is estimated at $3,000.

—Manager John Clark of the Lyceum received the following telegram from Mansfield, Pa., last Saturday: "Lunatic and the Lady best show ever here. Deserves packed house." At the Lyceum to-morrow night you will have an opportunity of seeing it.

—The Smethport P. H. C. will hold an open meeting next Tuesday evening to the members and invited friends. Officers of the Supreme Circle will be in attendance and deliver addresses. Refreshments will be served and a general good time is anticipated.

—Olean Herald: Monday at the parsonage of the Ninth street M. E. church, Rev. Hugh Boyd officiated at the marriage of Earl W. Letson and Jennie V. Rounds, both of Eldred, Pa. At the parsonage last Tuesday James H. Barber of East State street, Olean, and Almeda S. McCarthy of Eldred, Pa., were married.

—Orlo J. Hamlin and H. H. Redfield returned recently from the Illinois oil fields. These gentlemen have purchased the interest which John H. Markham of Bradford held in oil property in that field in partnership with Prothonotary S. E. Bell. The Smethport oil operators judging from all reports, own some very promising territory in Illinois.

—Peter Behan, the well known local base ball player of this city, who on Sunday shut out the Chipmonk team at the driving park with but two hits, was offered a position on next year's Franklin team of the Interstate league by George F. Rudernecht, who was an interested spectator at Sunday's game. He was offered $100 a month.—Bradford Era.

—Mrs. Pomeroy tendered a reception to about two hundred friends at her home on Maple street Monday afternoon from four to six o'clock. The reception was tendered in honor of the hostess' charming daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mark Pomeroy, who is passing some time at the Pomeroy home. It was a very pleasant occasion.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Olean Times: Mr. Willis Z. Georgia of Scio Line Mills, Pa., has bought the property on East State street owned by Mrs. Burlingame and expects to take possession about Nov. 1st. Mr. Georgia is owner of the Eldred Powder Co., doing a large and successful business. He and his family will be cordially welcome to Olean where they are already well and favorably known.

—Miss Beatrice Neipling, a clever little actress of Bradford, is engaged to play the child part in "The Bondman," under the well known management of William A. Brady of New York. Wilton Lackaye plays the title role in this production. Little Miss Neipling, or "Baby Beatrice," as she was billed, at one time played a week's engagement in Smethport with the Dilger-Cornell company.

—Although the pink compositor has succeeded in stowing away 14 cream pies since the contest opened he has not yet "foundered" himself and is anxious that contestants should know that his capacity is practically unlimited. That there is no limit to the number of pies contestants may enter is another important fact that should be kept in mind. Now is the time to subscribe, girls, and send in your pies.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKean and John Hilton and Miss Bailey of Smethport were visitors at the Silver Springs fishery on Thursday. The fishery is of considerable interest to those who have never visited there, as well as to those interested in such an industry and frequently visit the place. There are a million of as fine fat fellows there, regular speckled beauties, as any man ever saw in the water or out. There are myriads of trout of all ages from the size of a tack up to eighteen inches. They'll take a fly on a hook as quickly as though they were out in a mountain stream.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A fast express train, known as the Philadelphia and Erie express, was wrecked about two miles west of Wilcox early Sunday morning by striking a broken rail on a curve. The only persons injured were two boys in one of the day coaches, who were cut by flying glass. Their injuries are not serious. The train was made up of a locomotive, two baggage cars, two day coaches and four sleepers and was running at the rate of 50 miles an hour when the accident occurred. The engine and first baggage car remained on the track, the balance being derailed and turned on their sides up against a high embankment. That no one was killed or seriously injured seems little short of marvelous.

Auction Sale.

October 15, 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m., Walter Daly will offer for sale at his farm in Keating township, all of his stock, farming implements, etc., which will be sold for cash or approved notes.

Personal Mention.

Webb Hopper was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

F. M. Winsor of Port Allegany was in town yesterday.

Miss Dawley Davis of Bradford is a guest of friends in town.

Ansel Burdick has returned from a business visit at Roulette.

Mrs. T. A. Morrison returned from a visit in Bradford yesterday.

John Hilton returned yesterday from a few days' visit in Buffalo.

T. F. Williams of Bolivar was a guest of friends in town over Sunday.

G. W. Hooker, Esq., of Port Allegany was a visitor at this office Tuesday.

Mrs. Ruth Forrest Newman and infant son returned to their home in Syracuse N. Y., Monday.

Miss Orra Gleason has returned to Pittsburg to take up her studies at the State College of Music.

J. J. Roberts of Ceres and E. McFadden of Eldred were pleasant callers at the MINER office Thursday last.

C. E. Piper of Gillmor was in town this week on Court duty, and during his stay made the MINER office a pleasant call.

L. F. Snapp of Denver, Colo., and Mrs. N. C. Parish of Homer City are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman.

Mrs. E. Y. Lewis, who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Knapp, returned to her home in Rochester Monday.

Miss Cora Evans, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Pike, of South avenue, has returned to her home in Smethport.—Bradford Star.

Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman and Miss Georgia Crosby together with their guests, Mrs. N. C. Parish and L. F. Snapp, departed yesterday for a visit at Titusville.

Luther Johnson passed Sunday in town prior to taking up his permanent residence in Kane, where he has been employed for the past year. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have a host of friends in town who sincerely regret their departure.

Pain anywhere, in the head, painful periods, Neuralgia, toothache, all pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—quicken blood pressure at the point where pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure, and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box, 25 cts.—Druggists. Sold by All Dealers.

L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. K. Hogarth.

THE LYCEUM

One Night, Friday, Oct. 11.

THE MUSICAL KNOCKOUT

MELVILLE B. RAYMOND Offers

FRANK CHRISTIE

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Excellent Company of Farceurs

IN

THE LUNATIC AND THE LADY

SEE THE "SOME NOISE" GIRLS

You will Laugh not Again and Again

BUT

Again and Again and Again You Will Laugh.

Specially Added Feature

MLLE. GLETTE

World's Greatest Toe Dancer, from Melville B. Raymond's English Grand Opera Company.

Seat Sale, Wells' Drug Store. Prices, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

DO YOU READ

magazines? If you do you must have seen and read of

Holeproof Hosiery

—that you can buy stockings or socks with a 6 Months Guarantee against holes. We sell that kind of hosiery; they are as fine as silk and WEAR LIKE IRON. If darning is necessary bring 'em back and get new ones. $2.00 for 6 pairs of Holeproof Hose for either Ladies or Gentlemen.

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WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

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WARM UNDERWEAR.

Time to put on heavier underclothing now. Constantly changing temperature makes warm underwear a necessity for the preservation of good health.

This store is equipped to meet your requirements in heavy, light and medium weights in Separate garments and Union suits. The Union Suit is increasing in popularity right along. If you have not worn this style of underwear we would suggest that you give them a trial—you'll be surprised with the result in additional comfort—Here is a suggestion of what we have—We cannot in this space give you a complete list of our stocks—Come and look them over.

Men's Union Suits, Blue,	Cotton Fleeced — per suit	$1.50
" " Gray,	Cotton and Wool "	2.00
" "	Fine All Wool "	3.75
Shirts and Drawers,	Cotton Fleeced, per garment	50c
" "	Gray, three-quarters wool	1.00
" "	Camels Hair all wool	1.50
" "	Gray, medium weight wool	1.50
Women's Union Suits, Gray or White, per suit		50c to $2.75
Vests and Pants, Gray, Cream or White per garment		25c to 1.25
Misses' Union Suits, Gray		85c to 1.00
Boys' " "		1.00
Boys & Girls Vests and Pants and Drawers, Gray and Cream		13c to 1.00

FRY & COMES

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You get more facts about easy running right at the crank of a separator than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, the crank tells you so as soon as you touch it. I am selling the lightest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, runs the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest. The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—it increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent, and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.

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All Remtico Typewriter Supplies are known as the Highest Grade Goods Manufactured.

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SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

A Pottersville Episode.

By Frank H. Melson.

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IT was at the fall elections that the feud began in Pottersville. John Grant, the village blacksmith, a big, rawboned fellow of enormous muscle, whose family had hailed from Nova Scotia, had dared to oppose Judge Weaver, candidate for the legislature. From the judge's point of view the worst feature of this presumptuous antagonism was its success. Judge Weaver had been defeated by the narrow margin of one vote, and bitterness was ever thereafter to rankle in his heart.

Another source of vexation for the judge was the attachment which he could not fail to see existed between his daughter Nellie, a girl of pretty face, medium height, plump person

HE GENEROUSLY OFFERED TO FIGHT THEM.

and many suitors, on the one hand and Willis Wenham, son of the first selectman, who was in the habit of his native at one of the big eastern universities.

Selectman Wenham was another of Judge Weaver's political opponents; but, though the judge never forgave one who crossed his will, this was not the reason for his opposing the match between his daughter Nellie and the selectman's son Willis. The judge was a man of means, while Selectman Wenham, though possessed of a moderate competency, could leave but a small sum at his demise to each of his numerous family, of which Willis composed exactly one-thirteenth.

With young Wenham absent at college, the judge was able to give his undivided attention to the village blacksmith. He was willing to hide his time, for he knew John Grant to be one of those men who, with unfailing regularity get themselves into a beastly state of intoxication just once every twelve months. For a full week it was the blacksmith's custom to wrestle with John Barleycorn, quite willing to be overcome.

The only article in the warrant for the last town meeting upon which there had not been more or less contest was that which called for the erection of a town lockup. It was generally conceded that Pottersville had reached that stage in a town's progress where a jail is demanded for the preservation of peace and order. An outsider might have objected that there had been no arrest made in the little village excepting of boys on truancy charges since the convening of the last town meeting, but this would have been regarded as a Machiavellian attempt at impelling the wheels of progress. So the new structure had risen triumphantly, with not so much as a hint of graft, under the supervision of the selectmen, and, although the suggestion of building had come from the mouth of Judge Weaver, none sang the praise of conception and execution more loudly than the village blacksmith.

It was at the fall elections, as we have said, that the feud started between John Grant and Judge Weaver. It was not until the approach of the following spring that the latter found the sought for chance to "get back" at the smith. One morning in early February the blacksmith failed to show up at his place of business. A line of six or more impatient teamsters set out to look up the reason. At Henry Come's hostelry, known as the Come Inn, they found it. Red eyed and maudlin, mostly oblivious to the cares of this world, yet occasionally bursting into tears and hiccoughs as he expostulated against the hard fate that had carried an uncle of his away on the wrong side of a log drive thirty years before, was the village blacksmith, leaning for sympathy and support against the rose colored, reeking bar over which the liquors of the Come Inn were served.

John Grant refused to do the work the teamsters desired of him, but generously offered to fight them, either one at a time or all together. His tender was courteously refused.

This time, however, John Grant was not to enjoy his parting from the path of sobriety without paying the penalty therefor as provided and laid down in the statutes of the state. Judge Weaver feared the unwilling constables, after considerable goading, to action. The blacksmith, snoring in slumber, was dragged out of the woods and cast into the new lockup. On the following morning he had sobered up sufficiently to appear before the court, which in Pottersville meant Judge Weaver.

Two of the constables swore to having seen John Grant very drunk and disorderly at the Come Inn. There was no defense. The blacksmith even pleaded guilty with a certain amount of elation. Apparently the one uncomfortable feature of the affair to him was the long and maliciously worded harangue which, behind the dignity of the law, Judge Weaver delivered to the prisoner, closing by sentencing him to sixty days in Pottersville jail and fining him $6.76 costs.

There was a beatific smile on the highly colored face of the prisoner as he was led off to the lockup, closely guarded by quite unnecessary constables, after offering to work out the fine by shoeing the yoke of oxen kept to aid the paupers in their work on the town farm. The proffer had been refused with a great show of dignity.

It would have required no great effort for the lightly prisoner to tear down the bars which covered the windows of the jail and which were rather more for decoration than for anything else; but other thoughts were in his mind. He was, for the first time in his life, a prisoner. It was the duty of the town to which he had paid poll and property taxes for more years than he could really remember to provide him with bed and board. The experience was not only novel, but also distinctly pleasing, vesting him with a sense of new importance.

It was easier than working, this jail life, and after the first week in the well whitewashed lockup he began to look forward with regret to the time when he must leave it.

With the passing of the first fortnight of the sixty days' confinement this state of affairs, however, began to pall on him. He found that a vacation may be of too long duration. He began to pine for work. Furthermore, his pride was seriously affected. On two or three occasions Jailer Gibson on leaving the lockup after bringing in the blacksmith's supper had forgotten to lock the door after him. The prisoner remonstrated in forcible language at this inattention to duty.

"I'm goin' to be locked up nights hereafter, Jim Gibson," he said, knitting the red skin of his forehead into a mass of frowning wrinkles, "an' I want you to understan' it. Think of me stayin' in jail without bein' locked up! Ain't I got a right to be locked up?"

"I'll put a spring lock on the door tomorrow, John, an' then if I ever forget to lock the door you can close it and lock it any time you want."

"Well, Jim, all I ask's to be locked up like; I ought to be," answered the mollified prisoner. "That's all I ask."

"Yes, sir! I'll do more than that," continued the constable. "I'll have that lock so's you can open it from the inside, with a nail. Nobody but me need know, an' you can step outside any time you want to. I'll doin this," he went on hastily, "'cause I don't want you to get sick while you're in my charge. Prisoners get all the exercise they want in my well regulated jail, an' I ain't goin' to have no one say the Pottersville jail's behin' the times."

"No, no! I mither!" agreed the blacksmith heartily. "I love some pleasure, Jim!"

Jailer Gibson took a playful of the contents of the blue and tipsy pack age extended to him, and, rolling it in the palm of his hand, sat down to have a further chat with the prisoner.

"See here, John," he began, "the boys around Pottersville are getting mighty hard up for a horseshoer. They don't want to go out of town for one thing. 'Sides, they couldn't get nobody nearer 'n' Spencer, an' that's most forty mile away. We've been a-talkin' it over at the grocery store, an' we decided to ask you if you wouldn't like to do a little work here. We could fix up a place where you could do shoein' real slick."

"I don't know's I'd object to it, Jim," deliberated the blacksmith, "providin' the boys didn't think 'twas lettin' me down on my sixty days."

"No one would think that, John," interpolated the constable. "Why, 'twould be just a favor to you, if you'd do it. It's mighty slippery on the roads, an' it's hard on the horses' feet. There's more'n fifty on 'em need sharpenin'. 'Twould be just a stroke of common humanity on your part, John, if you'd do it."

"Well, you go ahead an' fix the things up," agreed the prisoner, "an' I reckon 'twill be all right."

The next day a portable forge was obtained, and a huge pair of bellows set up. The smith donned his apron and did a rattling business. On the day following he shod Judge Weaver's trotting horse Kelleck, 2:18, who had earned his record at the county fair the previous year. The blacksmith also shod the yoke of oxen from the town farm. For a week he was forced to turn away trade daily and even began to talk of hiring an assistant.

People who lived midway between Pottersville and Spencer who had been in the habit of going to Spencer now came to see the strange spectacle of a jail prisoner doing horseshoeing. John Grant had more business than ever before. He offered, if the town authorities would arrest and send to jail some tramp who knew something about the work, to hire him as assistant and even to pay the town for his keep. The constables, though enjoined to be on the alert, failed to find such a personage.

In the meantime Willis Wenham came home from the university for a fortnight's vacation. His attentions to Nellie Weaver once more became a source of annoyance to the judge. Sympathy in Pottersville, as it is apt to be in any town, was with the young people. In some way it got rumored around the town that Nellie's life at home was made none of the pleasantest by her father. Further comment was aroused when the postmaster gave out that Miss Nellie had returned one of Wrangle's (the wealthy summer visitor's) letters unopened. The incident showed a further progress in the stand taken by the energetic young lady against the plan of her father to marry her to the aforesaid Wrangle instead of to young Wenham.

The crisis was reached early in April. There had been an ice storm during the night, making the roads as slippery as glass. Unfortunate indeed was the horse that with unsharpened shoes had to venture on them. Trade was brisk at the improvised blacksmith shop, and John Grant had all the work he could handle. Judge Weaver's trotter Kelleck was late in getting into line, so that it was nearly nightfall, with a bitter wind blowing from the northeast, when the prisoner blacksmith at last stripped Kelleck of his shoes and commenced with his usual expedition the task of reshoeing. Three shoes had been nailed to Kelleck's prancing hoofs when an exclamation from the judge drew the attention of the waiters and loafers to a couple dashing by at high speed in a familiar sleigh. They were Willis Wenham and Judge Weaver's daughter Nellie. As they turned up the road where, two and a half miles distant, the house of the minister who should, in due time, perform the ceremony that made Nellie Weaver Nellie Wenham, was situated, it dawned on the company that they were witnesses of an elopement.

There was ample time for the angry judge to overtake the couple, provided John Grant drove the nails of the fourth shoe with his customary quickness. The judge commanded him to hurry. Instead of doing so he laid the shoe down and said that, as he was a prisoner, working only to oblige folks, he'd be hanged if he'd do another lick of work for a man so low down as to swear at him. The judge pleaded and apologized in vain. It was only when the young couple returned and rendered Judge Weaver speechless with rage by the announcement of their marriage that John Grant would consent to put on the other shoe.

The very next day came an April thaw. The traveling was so bad that the prisoner's only visitor was Jailer Gibson, who brought him his meals. In the night when the blacksmith retired the rain was pouring outside in a monotonous drizzle. The Pottersville jail was situated on the bank of a small but deep river, and the waters of this stream were followed and swollen by the freshet.

In the early hours of the morning there was a slide and a fall and a splash. Over into the river went a section of bankling the Pottersville jail and the prisoner therein. The structure did not float far, but grounded on the shelving shore opposite the blacksmith shop, where John Grant had practiced his trade prior to his latest departure from the narrow path of sobriety. As John Grant forced

A COUPLE DASHED BY AT HIGH SPEED IN A FAMILIAR SLEIGH.

open the conveniently arranged door it occurred to him that at midnight the sixtieth day of his imprisonment had been completed. His face wore a satisfied smile.

His equanimity was undisturbed the next morning when Judge Weaver drove over, furiously accusing him of stealing the jail and demanding that he return it to the place he had taken it from. The easy grin on the features of the blacksmith grew to broader dimensions.

"I whipped you at 'lection, judge," he drawled slowly, "an' you sent me to that place," indicating the floating jail, "when 'twas your turn. Then I wouldn't put the shoe on your horse so's you could stop your daughter's marryin' young Wenham. Now you say I stole the jail. Judge, it's this way: I've got a chance to sue the town of Pottersville for false imprisonment. I ought to have been let out o' jail at 12 o'clock last night. More'n that, the jail's mine!"

The judge's face grew blank and purple with amazement.

"Yes, sir-ee! The jail's mine. I didn't go to see f'r nothin' when I was young. Pottersville jail is flotsam—F-L-O-T-S-A-M—an' if the town wants it back it'll get it by payin' good money. An', judge, if you should want Kelleck shod in a hurry don't forget I'm doin' business at the same ol' stand."

It is a well known fact that persons in the pine forests do not suffer from kidney diseases. One dose of Pineules at night usually relieves backache. 30 days' treatment $1.00. Your money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

LENGTH OF THE DAYS

Difference Between the Star Day and the Sun Day.

IT IS GREATEST IN WINTER.

Why the Difference Occurs and How It May Be Observed—Oddly Enough the Shortest Day in the Year Is Really the Longest Day in Time.

How long, after all, is a day? The geographies say that it is the time required for the earth to turn once on its axis, that it measures twenty-four hours by the clock and that a fraction more than 365 of them are to be found in a year.

It is a good plan when one reads anything in a book to test it when he can for himself. We want to see just how long it takes the earth to turn over once. Let us take any one of the fixed stars that chances to be in line with some convenient point and, watch in hand, notice the precise moment at which the star touches, let us say, a particular tree, branch or steeple on the horizon line. If on the next evening we stand at precisely the same spot and sight the same star again in line with the same point as before, then we shall know that the earth has turned on its axis just once.

Curiously enough, however, we shall discover, if this is done carefully, that, in spite of what the books say, it does not require twenty-four hours for the earth to turn over once. About four minutes before the day is up, by the clock, the earth has revolved once and brought the star back to its old position in the sky. Really, then, the earth turns on its axis once in twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes and four seconds and, as one can easily reckon, makes something more than 366 revolutions in a year.

But human beings are not so much interested in the stars as in the sun. We really don't care much how long it takes the earth to turn over and bring a star back again to the same point in the sky or how many times in a year a star seems to go by. We set our clocks and reckon our year by the turning of the earth under the sun, and because the earth not only turns under the sun, but also goes round it, it takes about four minutes longer to bring the sun up to its old place in the sky than to bring back a star. This comes about simply enough. Suppose one is in a room looking out the window at a tree. If he turns round once exactly he will find himself looking straight at the tree again, but if he tried the same thing when he was on a moving train he would find that while he was making the turn the tree had fallen behind. He would then, according to the way he twirled, have to turn a little more or a little less to bring the tree straight before his nose.

Therefore it is not quite true that a day is the time required for the earth to turn once on its axis. Really is this time plus the four minutes or so required for it to turn and look back at the sun. The time required for this extra turn is not the same at all times in the year. One can easily see in the case of the moving train that the rate of the tree moving or the nearer the track the tree stood the more the latter would seem to shift its position. Since the earth is some 92,000,000 miles nearer the sun in winter than in summer, and since also the nearer the sun it is the faster it travels, the difference between star day and sun day is greatest in winter.

Oddly enough, it happens that Dec. 22, which has the least daylight of any day in the year and is therefore commonly held to be the shortest of all days, is really the longest. It does, as a matter of fact, run almost half a minute over twenty-four hours, while the true shortest day, which comes on Sept. 17, falls short by about the same time.

So we really have three different "days." There is the star day, which is the time during which the earth turns over once. This, because the earth spins steadily, is always the same length, twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, four and nine-hundredths seconds, and there are 366 of them in a year. Then there is the ordinary legal day, which is the time required for a proper clock to get round twice. This is just twenty-four hours. Besides these, there is the sun day, its time told by the sundial, which, taking short with long, averages twenty-four hours, but is never found to be exactly the same length for two days in succession.

There is a string of long days in the winter, followed by a series of short ones in the spring. In the summer the sun days get long again, though not quite so long as in the winter. In the autumn come the shortest days of all. Only occasionally are clock day and sun day of the same length. Only four times a year do clock noon by the clock hands and sun noon by the sundial occur at the same moment, while, because the long and short sun days are found in sets, the difference may be more than fifteen minutes apart.

The vast majority of the people reckon their time by the sun. But time for civilized men is time by the clock. The days are all twenty-four hours long, and no matter where the sun is it is noon for us when the clock strikes 12. Nevertheless, astronomers often go by star time, get in an extra day in each year and have their noon fall at all times of the day or night.—E. T. Brewster in Chicago Record-Herald.

It is a kingly act to help the fallen.—Ovid.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

TOKYO'S SLUMS.

Worse Than the Worst in Paris, London or New York.

Tokyo has slums whose poverty reaches the last depth of human degradation. Below the cellars of Paris, the alleys of London and the crowded slums of the New York east side, the Japanese capital reveals a lower gulf. It is a region that no ray lights. Your moldy man of Paris and your "hooligan" of London do have at times fierce joys and moments of acid pleasure, but the microscopic intensity of the distress in the Shitaya quarter of Tokyo bars out all hope. Tokyo has far too many poor people, and their disposition is a pressing problem. Thousands are shipped to Korea and Formosa, but the pressure steadily increases owing to the constant migration of ambitious Japanese from the provinces to the capital city.

Japan carefully avoids all public reference to these great sores on its body politic. Their existence is hidden from the foreign visitor. Rarely does a tourist see the slums, and specialists studying the city for precise information are sedulously kept out of the poorest quarters. Japan is so skillfully press agented that the existence of those miserable purlieus is not even suspected by the average student of conditions. It is a journalistic rule in Japan not to say anything that betrays weakness in the life of the people, and it is a rule generally observed. But there are writers in Japan who think that in adopting the civilization of the occident the republican form of government should also have been imported, and these give the ministry trouble at times by telling plain, unpalatable truths. The Kokumin newspaper detailed a representative to live the life of the lowest and poorest in Tokyo, and his articles dealing with life in the Shitaya district created an immense sensation. When translated into English in pamphlet form the government promptly bought up the entire edition and destroyed the plates. —Walter J. Kingsley in World's Work.

LIKE HUMAN CORKS.

How the Water in Great Salt Lake Treats the Bathers.

Bathing in Great Salt Lake is a unique experience.

Flights of steps lead down into the water from the interminable platform along which the bathhouses are situated. The water is quite shallow at first, and you find a rare enjoyment for a time in wriggling your toes about in the salt that forms the bottom in place of accustomed sand. You are obliged to wade out some distance before you experience the peculiar buoyancy of the lake. First you feel your feet trying to swim out from under you. You find it more and more difficult to walk. You begin to float in spite of yourself. Then you realize you are remarkable. You can't sink if you want to. Throw yourself on your back or sit down or try to swim, and you bob about like a rocking chair in a freshet. You feel as though you had been turned to cork. You can't help looking at the phenomenon subjectively. You don't see that there is anything peculiar about the water. It looks and feels like any other bathing water until you get some of it in your eyes or in your mouth. Then you wish you hadn't come. Ocean water is sweet in comparison. In fact, the chemists tell us it is eight times less salty.

You can't drown in the lake by sinking, but you can be suffocated to death, which is just about as uncomfortable and undesirable. We found signs everywhere warning us against taking too talkative or too frolicsome in the water.

When we came out we brought with us large deposits of salt on our skin. As the water evaporated we found ourselves covered with white crystals. Only a strong shower bath of fresh water or a good clothes brush can put you into fit condition to dress.—Travel Magazine.

Weighting a Horse's Stern.

Some of the officers and men of a vessel once anchored in the harbor of Funchal, Madeira, went ashore for a horseback ride around the island. About halfway up the mountain we came across a little mizzentopman, flushed and evidently very warm, riding a spirited little horse with a stone tied up in a silk handkerchief slung to his tail.

The first lieutenant laughed and said, "What are you doing with that handkerchief, Brown?"

"Why, you see, sir," said Brown, "that when I first pitched her up she pitched badly, being too much by the head, so I just rigged this stone on aft and brought her down to her bearings, and she sails now like a clipper, sir."—"On a Man-of-war."

What He Had to Say.

"Well, George, do you know it is 1 o'clock? What have you to say for yourself?"

"I did have s-s-somethin' to s-say, my dear, b-but you've gone an' s-scared it out of m-my head. Oh, I remember it n-now!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Good night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Family Jar.

"The body of the late Major Jinks was cremated."

"What they goin' to do with it?"

"His widow has him corked up in a fruit jar. Says it's the last of the family jars."—Atlanta Constitution.

When a girl with an angel food taste marries a man with a ginger bread income it's a sign that she doesn't know on which side her bread is buttered.—Dallas News.

It comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle, easy to apply to the soreness and inflammation, for any form of Piles; it soothes and relieves pain, itching, burning. Man Zad Pile Remedy. Price 50 cents. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. P. Hazlett, Bradford.
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Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
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Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
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High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y; John M. Eastman, C. M. Conrroyd, John Clarke.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. R. Sunderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. RUDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Military degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 1273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. E. HOLBARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 337, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2:30 in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 185, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

E. O. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. E. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KUDSKI, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BARKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 21, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. C. O. F. Hall.

C. M. CONKRIGHT, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m., evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—T. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ward, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:45 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

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EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

Miss Deakins' Dog.

By Philip Kean.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

"Jenks," said Miss Deakins, "don't go across the hall again."

Jenks flopped down on the door mat and sighed, canine fashion.

"You understand?" said Miss Deakins. Jenks wagged a disconsolate tail and closed his eyes.

"Very well," and Miss Deakins went in and shut the door, withdrawing from Jenks the vision of her trim figure, enveloped in a blue linen apron, down the front of which traveled splotches of paint.

Jenks, outside on the mat, heard a faint whistle and lifted one ear. Then he whined softly.

A door opened across the hall.

"Out it and run, Jenksie," said a masculine voice.

Jenks yawned eagerly, but did not move.

"Come on," wheedled the man on the other door mat.

Jenks stood up and wagged his tail. There was a "put thee behind me, Satan," protest in his attitude, coupled with yielding.

And just then Miss Deakins opened her door.

"Were you calling my dog?" she demanded.

"Yes. You don't mind, do you?" The man came toward her as he said it. He wore a shabby velveteen coat, and the paint stains matched those on Miss Deakins' apron.

"I do mind," Miss Deakins assured him. "Jenks has been taught to lie on his mat until 12 o'clock. Then he has his lunch with me."

"Such beautiful regularity," murmured the man in the velveteen coat.

Miss Deakins flushed.

"I don't see why he wants always to go to your room."

"Of course you don't see," he agreed, "but, but Jenks is rather fond of me"—

"You give him ham bones," she accused him.

"I do. There are some people and some dogs, I think, you have to give things in order to make them love you. Perhaps Jenks is not that kind of dog. Perhaps he may have a soul above ham bones. Perhaps, without ham bones Jenks might love me. Psychologically it's interesting, but I don't want to put it to the test. I value Jenks' affection too highly to seek the cause."

"I'm too busy," she reminded him, "to talk in the abstract. And I'd rather you didn't call Jenks."

"Very well," he said formally, and went back to his room and shut the door.

Miss Deakins stood irresolutely on her door mat, with Jenks by her side, and looked at the closed door. There was red in her cheeks and there was a tremble in her voice as she said to the dog: "Come on, Jenks. I'm sorry you can't be trusted, but you can't."

And as they entered the shabby little room, lighted into whiteness and glare by a great skylight, she went on, "I don't believe I can trust anybody, not even a dog, Jenksie."

She painted all the afternoon, and as the twilight came on she sat and looked out over the roofs, and Jenks sat beside her with his cold nose to her hand, and when a big star shone over the top of the highest building she said, "I'm like the Miller of Dee, 'I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me.'"

Just then there came a knock at the door. When she opened it no one was there, but on Jenks' mat was a bunch of lilacs, such as one buys at the corner stands.

As she filled all her bowls and vases Miss Deakin sang a little song, and before she finished there came another knock at the door.

"What were you singing?" asked the man from across the way.

"You know—the 'Spring Song,'" she told him icily.

"I have just painted a little picture of spring," he said ingratiatingly. "May I show it to you?"

It was a water color—just a stretch of young fields, with a sweep of orchard beyond, but it made her catch her breath.

"I can almost smell the fragrance," was her impetuous comment. "It is beautiful."

"That is the way the world is looking outside the city," he said, with enthusiasm. "There are violets and pussy willows, and the birds are calling—let me take you out there tomorrow. It will do you good. You are so pale"—

She froze at that. "Certainly not," she refused and spoke with sternness to Jenks.

"Jenks," she said, "I told you not to cross the hall."

Jenks got up wearily from the opposite door mat.

"I don't see why you won't be friends," the painter said as he stood, immaculate, with his picture in his hand. "I have my work, and nothing must interfere with my career."

"But we have lived opposite each other for six months."

"It would be the same if we had lived opposite each other for six years," was the way she closed the discussion.

More stars were out when she again sat with Jenks by the window and the moon flooded the world with light, but over the roofs she caught the glow of a different illumination, a red, murky glow, that flared up presently into flames and columns of rolling smoke.

"It's a fire, Jenks," she told the dog.

Jenks whined.

"It's down the street," was her further information, and then in a sudden panic, "It's in the next house, Jenksie."

With the dog close behind her she ran to the door. The hall was full of smoke. Through it she saw the man across the way.

"We can't get down," he said quickly. "The stairs are on fire, but there's a fire escape from my window."

He caught her in his arms, and before she could protest they were descending the ladder.

From the window above Jenks whined.

"Oh, we can't leave Jenks," she cried. "Let me go. Let me go." He held her firmly and called up to the dog. "Wait a minute, old boy, I'll be back."

When she was safe and looked up through the smoke to where the patient little animal was waiting she said: "Oh, if you should be killed—it is better that Jenks should go"—

But he was already on the ladder.

She covered her eyes with her hands, and then she knew nothing until a shout went up and some one said: "He's got the dog."

There was another long interval, and then she felt something warm and wet on her cheeks, and there was Jenks licking her face, and she threw her arms about his neck and cried.

And presently she held out her hand to the man who had saved him and said in a weak little voice:

"He shall sit on your door mat all the time if you wish—him."

"There isn't any door mat," he told her. "It's burned up. But I'll buy another."

She smiled at that, and her eyes as they met his held in them all the struggle of friendship and more than friendship, that was to come.

WHERE'S A FINE ESCAPE FROM MY WINDOW.

Just Like a Girl.

He is a very funny boy. His is the age when a lofty contempt for the opposite sex manifests itself, the contempt which usually finds merciless retribution in later years.

His task of watching the baby was not as distressing as it might have been. He had utilized the infant as a cradle and had found a place where the floor sloped a little.

Behind the vehicle he extended himself and with head on hand proceeded to read a story paper. An occasional pull at a string fastened to the rear axle imparted the motion necessary to keep the slumberer from waking, but the baby soon had its nap out and began to cry. The boy paid no attention to the noise, and after awhile his sister came to investigate.

"I suppose you are going to lie there and wait for the baby to learn to talk, so it can tell you what it's crying about."

"No," he answered. "Being able to talk wouldn't make much difference."

"Why not?"

"Because it's a girl. Girls never know what they're crying about. It just comes natural to them to do it."—Pearson's Weekly.

Indian Believes in Omens.

Mysticism plays a great part in the hunting of the Indian. He is a great believer in signs and omens, and if he starts to hunt and sees a sign or omen that bodes evil he turns back to wait a more propitious time. The flight of certain birds, the floating of a feather, the crawling of snakes, are of import, and unless he believes in the potency of his medicine to overcome the evil influence he will not go after game when the signs are not right. The Indian, being very susceptible to cold, does little hunting in the dead of winter. Being neither hardy nor warmly clothed, he prefers the warm campfire in the tepee to the distress of the hunting trail when the cold is biting. It is generally believed that the red man is one of the most hardy of the human race because he has spent his life in the open, but that sort of life is not conducive to hardiness unless it be accompanied with plenty of food and warm clothing. — San Francisco Chronicle.

Pretty Pert.

A baldheaded man writes: "The most impertinent child I ever met was a boy of ten years of age. On leaving his widowed mother's house I attempted to pat him on the head in a fatherly manner. At this he pushed my hand away and said, 'Grow some hair of your own, old man, if you want to pat it!'"

CORNISH DIALECT.

Some Quaint Terms That Are Common Among the Natives.

"A bitched my voot in the sconce and knacked my nuddick, and A wadn't able to clunky for a fortnight."

Readers of dialect tales will probably take it for granted that this sentence is Medieh. It is, however, Cornish and, being interpreted, means, "I caught my foot in the pavement and struck the nape of my neck, and I was not able to swallow for a fortnight."

There are some quaint terms common in Cornwall which have a pleasing savor of their own. The phrase "my dear"—prolonged to two syllables—is not, for instance, any indication of especial affection. It is a common form of address to either man or woman. So also, though with rather more discrimination in its use, is "my dear life."

A young child is mentioned in terms of endearment as "my 'nision" or "tender dear" or even "tender worm." "Son" and "sonny" are used without the least relation to the age or sex of the person addressed. A son may sometimes be heard speaking to his own father as "my son," or a husband calling his wife "sonny."

"Young" means simply unmarried. A bachelor of eighty is "a young man." Of a bride still in her teens it was said that she was "a pretty lot better looking than when she was young." An old person is not simply old. He is "cold ancient." Several New England localisms are found in Cornish speech, as "perlicue" for a small stool, "chores" for household jobs and "chowdy" for pudding, though in America the latter word survives only as part of "pandowdy," the delicious deep spiced apple pie of country housewives.

A Cornish anecdote relates that a small boy left at home to supervise the family dinner while the rest of the household were at church, having, like King Alfred, neglected his duty and allowed the fig pudding to scorch, in his dismay ran to the church and from the doorway made signs to the house wife to come forth. She indignantly signed him to wait, which, for a time he did, but at length, becoming impatient, cried aloud in reply to her further winks and grimaces, to the scandal of the startled congregation:

"I knew only whisky and skrinky as long as yiow du plase, but the figgy dowdy is burnt glu the crock."—Liverpool Mercury.

OUR BRAINS ARE DOUBLE.

But Only One of Them Is Used to Think With.

Man has a pair of brains just as he has a pair of eyes and a pair of ears, declares Dr. William Hanna Thomson in Everybody's. But, asserts Dr. Thomson, only one of our two brains is used to think with. He continues:

"When we come into this world we have a pair of quite thoughtless brains and nothing more. To devote intelligent labors we must acquire a whole host of mental faculties and volleys more, not one of which does a human being bring with him at birth. No one was ever born speaking English nor any other language. No baby born into knows anything by sight more than any other sense. Every kind of knowledge has to be gained by personal education. But only recently have we found that the education necessitates the creation of a local, associated change in brain matter to make it the special part for that accomplishment. That no one can become a skilled violin player until by long fashioning he has at last made a violin playing place in his cerebrum.

"But all this brain fashioning takes so much time and trouble that for mere economy of labor, as one hemisphere will do all that is necessary, the individual spends his efforts on one of them only. As both hemispheres are equally good for this purpose, which of the two he will educate depends on which one he begins with. This is settled for him when as a child he begins all his training by the hand that he then most easily uses; hence it is that all the speech centers and all the knowing and educated places are to be found only in the left hemisphere of the right handed and in the right hemisphere of the left handed."

The Landlady's Mistake.

On her first night at the seaside lodgings the visitor found it incredible it seemed, for the landlady had appeared a neat, cleanly, cautious body. But as the lady visitor knew little of her landlady and nothing of her predecessor in the apartment she decided to mention the matter at breakfast. "I found something in my bedroom," she began, and the landlady interrupted. "Then you must have brought it with you!" "I am quite sure I didn't," said the visitor, "for I counted all mine before I left home. But if you insist that this sovereign is mine, of course"—London Chronicle.

Did His Best.

"My goodness!" exclaimed an anxious mother. "What in the world made your face so dirty, Willie?"

"Johnny Jones and me had a fight," explained Willie, "an' he throw'd more dirt in my face than I could swaller."—Home Magazine.

Not Honestly.

"Have you ever been in jail before?" demanded the judge.

"No, your honor, honestly, never!"

"Of course you haven't honestly. Few men get there that way."—Kansas City Independent.

Like All the Rest.

The Lady—My husband is particularly liable to seasickness, captain. Could you tell him what to do in case of an attack? The Captain—Tain't necessary, mum. He'll do it.—Judge.

It is claimed indigestion is the National disease. That's why the demand for Rings Dyspepsia Tablets keeps increasing because they do the work. Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, bloating, etc., yield quickly. Two days treatment free. Ask your druggist about them. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Countess Chooses.

By Emmett Campbell Hall.

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The countess was acting in a manner not at all dignified. In fact, she was stamping her little foot and sobbing just as any other sorely tried girl of eighteen might. The foot was shod in a dainty canvas oxford, and the remainder of her costume consisted of a duck skirt and shirt waist. Scattered about the room on the chairs and tables were nosegays of velvet, silk and lace and, most noticeable of all, a beautiful gown of white silk, on which pearls were gleaming like dewdrops upon a lily. There was also a long white veil.

"No, no, no! I hate everything! I will not try it on! I will not be married!" the countess cried. And she hurled at the despised wedding gown the little dog whip which she chanced to have in her hand.

"But should it not fit! To think of it! And only two days more"— One of the two frightened maids protested, but suddenly shrank back from the fiery eyes the countess Evelyne turned upon her.

"Two days never, I tell you, dunces!" the countess blazed and, turning, ran from the room.

Down the stairs and out of doors the countess sped. At the door her setter sprang toward her with joyous yelps, and the girl dropped on her knees and clasped both her arms about his neck.

"Let's run off and have a long talk, Hero," she whispered. "They—your mistress isn't happy, doggie."

Then she rose quickly, and together they hurried down the driveway toward the little lake that glimmered in the sun a half mile away.

It was very quiet, just an ordinary pretty country place, and not at all what one would have looked for in the summer home of a countess. Her uncle, who was her guardian, had gone off trout fishing, all the servants were busy preparing for the wedding, and there was none to observe or stop her. The girl's spirits rose somewhat as she hurried along through the sunshine, and she laughed merrily when Hero after elaborate crouchings forward failed to catch a sparrow.

They passed through the gate that marked the boundary of the place, upon each stone pillar of which were carved her family arms, and on down the public highway to where an old stone bridge crossed the stream leading to the lake. Turning out of the road the countess followed the course of the stream until she had reached a little moss covered bank, which, screened by bushes, made a perfect bower. Here she dropped upon the ground, with a little sigh of contentment. The dog lay down beside her, gnashing at her hand with his cold, wet nose.

"It's horrible, doggie, dear," the girl whispered, pulling at the silky ears, "and I haven't any one to help me at all. Even—even you can't, Hero."

The dog looked into her face with grave, questioning eyes.

"They are going to marry me off to some one I never saw," she continued, speaking as one might to a dear friend. "I know he is a horrid cad, Hero. If he isn't a cad he must feel just the same way, too, and will hate me. It was all arranged when we were a year old. And it isn't right, Hero. I am just a girl, and I never had a sweetheart, and I want one, doggie, just like any other girl."

Suddenly the countess' brown eyes grew dreamy, and a faint blush stole into her cheek.

"Do you remember, Hero, when we were sitting here just a year ago? It was the day we thought he was coming to the house, and we ran off to keep him from seeing us. And we were just sitting here like this, when Robert came along. And we never knew any more than just each other's name—Evelyne and Robert. And we laughed and said we'd meet here again some day, but he never came back. I guess he has forgotten."

She grew silent and sat gazing dreamily at the water flowing swiftly past. Then suddenly there was the sound of parting branches, and she looked up into the eyes of that well remembered friend of a day. In his face was a look of delight and surprise.

"Evelyne!" he exclaimed and strode forward with outstretched hands.

"So you did remember, Robert?" she said and gave him both of hers, and a glad little smile came to her red lips.

"I have never forgotten. I was passing along the road up there in my machine and stopped just to see the place again. I did not hope to see you," he answered.

He had not released her hands, but now she seemed for the first time to notice that fact and withdrew them, blushing.

They sat down side by side on the mossy bank, and the golden hours slipped by unheeded. Almost unconsciously their hands met and clasped. Then his arm had stolen about her, and her head had come to rest against his shoulder. There seemed no past, no future, only the present. Slowly, as if drawn by a force he could not resist, he turned his head toward her, and their lips met clingingly.

With a wrench the countess tore herself free and sprang to her feet. She hid her face in her little hands and sobbed.

"Oh, you shouldn't have done that, Robert! It makes it too hard to bear. Oh, I cannot, cannot!"

"What?" he whispered, and again his arms infolded her.

With eyes that were suddenly wide and dry she looked into his.

"I am to be married in two days," she said simply.

His face went white, and his arms dropped to his side.

"And I—I had forgotten," he muttered. With clinched hands he stared into vacancy. Then his jaw set firmly, and into his blue eyes came the light of battle, heritage from a warrior race.

"Would you give up all that you hold dear—family, friends and country—to go with me, an exile, into a far country?" he asked. "I also am bound—by a dead man's promise—to one who cannot possibly care for me, who perhaps hates the thought of me. I would see to it that it was reported and believed that I had been killed. Will you come? If you do not love that other man it would be a crime for you to marry him, for you love me."

The countess stretched out a hand.

"Let us go together," she said, and they hurried up the bank toward the highway.

At the bridge a touring car was waiting, and he assisted her in. The dog sprang in beside her. The young man also mounted the car and then spoke to the driver.

"To the frontier, and fast," he ordered, and a moment later the car was speeding forward.

The countess hid her face against her lover's breast.

"I—I am afraid, Robert," she whispered. "They—the guards—will recognize me when we reach the frontier."

"They will not stop us. They—I have a passport," he answered.

He leaned down and picked up the tiny handkerchief which had fallen from the countess' hand. In one corner was embroidered a device, and at sight of it he gave a quick start.

"Evelyne, what is your name, your family name?" he demanded in a strange tone.

"L'Aranf," she answered, a sudden chill of fear in her heart.

"Then you are the Countess Evelyne," he said softly and smiled. He touched the helmsman, and the car came to a stand. "Turn round, Leon, and drive to the country place of the Countess of Arant, and you may take your three," he ordered.

The machine swung about and proceeded back over the way it had just come. The girl caught her lover's arm and gazed into his face with tears wet, pleading eyes.

"Oh, Robert, Robert, you are taking me back," she cried. "Indeed, I am just a girl, like any other, and I love you. You are taking me back to worse than death. In two days I will be married to the Duke of Muraltine."

"And do you think that will be so terrible, little girl?" he whispered as he held her close to his heart. "Some how I don't think you will so much mind, dear, for it happens that I am the Duke of Muraltine."

Only a Machine.

A splendid example of the brilliant workings of the mind was offered in the office of one of the big telegraph offices the other night, says the New York Times. Two operators were side by side, separated only by the glass partition running the width of the table. One had charge of a line over which news dispatches were received from certain sections of the south. The other's territory embraced a part of the west. Business was dull, and the two operators, leaning back in their chairs, were discussing the news of the day when the sounder of the southern wire began to click. The operator exclaimed the few necessary preliminaries, then began to typewrite the message. The man on the western wire listened idly at first; then his attention was riveted, as it was a news dispatch from his native town in the south, and the first words concerned an intimate friend. Just then his own wire got busy, and he was speedily immersed in a message from Cleveland. Both operators finished almost at the same time. The man with the western wire leaned over the partition and said:

"What was the story about that Virginia town?"

"Hanged if I know," replied the man who had received it. "I wasn't listening."

Against His Grain.

Amos Carle's wife rules him "with a rod of iron." This his friends well know, and one evening when he joined the circle in Sim Hayward's grocery and showed no amusement at Joe Piper's jests they knew that in his mind he was retracing certain painful domestic incidents of recent occurrence. On being approached as to the cause of his silence he explained that he was down on his luck.

"P'raps you don't know your luck," suggested Joe Piper, winking behind the back of Amos at the company generally.

"There may be a thought too much lemon in her," said Mr. Hayward, driving straight to the mark, "but she has the courage of the masculine gender."

"So have I if I was let to show it," Amos said, with a sigh. "That's the mischief of it. If I'd been a weak man, ready to knock under and play second fiddle without whimpering, it wouldn't have mattered. But I ain't at all that sort of kind of man by nature, and it hurts my feelings like time to be made to do it."—Youth's Companion.

The Applause.

Tompkins—The storm scene on the stage is usually a failure. It seldom brings out any applause. Funnibone—Oh, you're mistaken. Didn't you ever notice the thunderclapping?—Norristown (Pa.) Times.

Don't worry about your kidneys when you can obtain 90 days treatment of Pineules for $1.00. These little globules bring relief in the first dose. Backache, Lumbago and Rheumatism yield quickly. If not satisfied your money refunded. This is a fair offer you can't lose. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

VERY OBLIGING.

He Answered All Questions and Even Offered Further Information.

A small, quiet looking man, smoking a large cigar, sat by the side of a medium sized automobile that was drawn out of the road as a large touring car came along, driven by a man with an interrogatory aspect.

The man in the touring car slowed up and leaned over.

"How long you been here?"

"About two hours."

"Can't you find out what the matter is?"

"No."

"Trouble with spark plug?"

"Think not."

"How are your batteries?"

"O. K."

"Haven't got a short circuit, have you?"

"Oh, no."

"Got any gasoline in your tank?"

"Plenty."

"Would you mind telling me, sir, just what's the matter with that machine of yours?"

In answer the man pointed to a large red farmhouse in the distance.

"See that house out there?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, there isn't anything the matter with this machine, but since noon my wife has been in that house kissing her sister's first baby goodby. When she gets through, if you are not over 1,000 miles away and will leave your address, I will telegraph or cable you the glad news at my own expense."—Collier's Weekly.

SHOPPING IN GREENLAND.

East Coast Natives Make Trips Lasting Four Years.

When the Greenlander of the east coast goes a-shopping, it is no light matter of a day or a week. The snow hut holder of the far north, on finding that his supplies are running low, packs up his belongings and wends off, with his wife and family. He keeps on walking—summer and winter, for it takes him anywhere from one to two full years to reach a settlement where there are shops. Whole colonies sometimes join in these pilgrimages from their northern dwelling places, camping by the way as weather and location permit. One might suppose that such protracted journeys would be followed by long stays at the place of business. Not so. The Eskimo spends little more time over the shopping for which he has come so far than does a woman bargain hunter at the periodical drapery sales with us. Sometimes two hours finish the transactions, and the purchaser will start on his long return journey northward. The fine bear and fox skins which he has brought with him are bartered for secondhand clothes, tobacco, old iron and many articles not only useless, but actually injurious to the natives. A life which can afford a four years' shopping trip now and again does not strike one as overstrenuous.—London Scraps.

Queerest Town in England.

The most curious town in England is Northwich. There is but a straight street or two in it, in fact, a straight house in the place. Every part of it has the appearance of an earthquake. Northwich is the center of the salt industry in Cheshire, England. On nearly all sides of the town are big pits or wells, with their engines pumping hundreds of thousands of gallons of brine every week. At a depth of some 200 or 300 feet are immense subterranean lakes of brine, and as the contents of these are pumped and pumped away the upper crust of earth is correspondingly weakened, and the result is an occasional subsidence. These subsidences have a "pulling" effect on the nearest buildings, and they are drawn all ways and give the town an extremely dissipated appearance.

The Gender of the Moon.

In English, French, Italian, Latin and Greek the moon is feminine, but in all the Teutonic tongues the moon is masculine. Which of the twain is its true gender? We go back to the Sanskrit for an answer. Professor Max Müller rightly says ("On the Religions of India"), "It is no longer denied that for throwing light on some of the darkest problems that have to be solved by the student of language nothing is so useful as a critical study of Sanskrit." Here the word for the moon is mas, which is masculine. Mark how even what Hamlet calls "words, words, words," lend their weight and value to the adjustment of this great argument. The very moon is masculine and, like Wordsworth's child, is "father of the man."—"Moon Lore."

Impertinent.

Clara—Well, aunt, have your photographs come from Mr. Fucello? Miss Maydevil (angrily)—Yes, and they went back, too, with a note expressing my opinion of its impudence. Clara—Gracious! What was it? Miss Maydevil—Why, on the back of every picture were these words: "The original of this is carefully preserved."—London Chronicle.

Diplomacy.

Towne—Of course the scheme is a good one, but do you think your wife will approve of it? Bowne—Yes, if by careful hinting I can get her to formulate it herself and make her believe it's her own.—Pearson's Weekly.

Gravitation.

Examiner—What do you know about the power of the earth's attraction?

Candidate—It is the strongest at about 2 o'clock in the morning.—Fliegende Blatter.

I believe rather in drawing men toward good than shutting them out from bad.—Zola.

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With All His Faults.

By ETHEL BARRINGTON.

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"Jealousy cast into happiness as acid destroys linen," declared Katherine sententiously.

"Despite which epigram you will marry Kenneth Hadley," scoffed her friend. The two girls had paused at the corner of the street, where Katherine intended taking a car. It was not in sight, so she turned to finish the discussion.

"Why not?" she asked. "I am not the woman to give ground for jealousy, while Kenneth, on his part, knows I would never forgive unjust suspicion, which is what jealousy amounts to. Real love insures perfect trust and faith."

"With some natures, possibly. But Kenneth Hadley could no more help being jealous where he loves than he could stop breathing and live," retorted Mildred. "Why, at the Meresdale euchre party every one but you could see"—

"Then he must have concealed his feelings admirably," declared Mr. Hadley's fiancee, "for he said nothing to me."

"Some day he will."

Katherine Felix shook her head.

"Doubt is degrading, and happiness cannot exist in its atmosphere, Mildred. I'll be frank. Kenneth and I did once have a wretched understanding which came near separating us. I warned him then that such scenes would kill whatever sentiment I cherished for him. In becoming his wife I do not relinquish my individuality. He takes me, as I accept him, a soul matured, giving to him a closer intimacy than to any other, yet with natural reservations. We come into the world alone, depart alone. So must there always be silent places in our lives to which even the nearest can have no key."

Her friend, unconvinced, started to say goodby, but returned impulsively to the charge.

"Theoretically, Katherine, there is truth in your argument. Jealousy is no temptation to you. Should you meet Kenneth walking with a girl I doubt if it would occur to you to even ask her name. Your error is making secrets of nothing"—

The other's eye flashed resentfully.

"You say that because I would not tell you where I am going now."

"Nonsense! It's none of my affair. But suppose you had met Mr. Hadley instead?"

"I should have declined to explain." Then, the emergency of her errand recurring to her mind, she added: "Here comes my car. Goodby, Mildred. I wonder if it would not have been better had Kenneth met you first; you would have yielded to his emotions so graciously." With a smile at the other's indignant protest, she motioned to the motorman.

Reaching her destination, she entered a busy manufacturing establishment. Sending in her card to the advertising manager, she was at once shown into his private office.

Half an hour later, returning home, she encountered Hadley, who plainly showed his delight at the unexpected meeting.

"What luck brings you to this part of town?" he inquired.

"Business," was the light response.

"Which, in woman's vocabulary, means pleasure." A quick look showed he was conscious of the evasion, though he did not press the point. "Wish I could return with you, but an appointment forbids. How dusty it is! Give me your handkerchief, Kathe. There's a rude black smudge dangerously near your eye."

Katherine laughed and, feeling for her handkerchief without success, remarked that she must have dropped it somewhere, adding, "Use yours." At his compliance she thanked him, nodded goodby and was gone.

She was seated at the piano drawing soft melody from its keys in the mellow light of the shaded lamp when Hadley arrived. He watched her for some moments before she discovered his presence. Then she swung round gayly on the stool, with extended hands.

"Come and kiss me, which ceremony you omitted when we last met."

As he crossed toward her something in his expression made the girl draw back from the invited caress.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I've brought back your property." He tossed a crumpled bit of linen into her lap. A large K embroidered showed conspicuously in one corner.

"My handkerchief! Thanks! Where did you find it?"

"You ask that? Tell me rather what takes my promised wife to visit Charles Truax."

"I answer no question put in such a tone."

"It is my right to know." The man's eyes took angry measure of her resistance. "I put the same question this afternoon, and you evaded it. I thought when you insisted on your rights and privileges that your little secrets were no concern of mine. What do I find? That you have been closeted in the private office of a married man, an old flame of yours. Truax refused an explanation. What have you to say? A woman of leisure, you cannot plead business in a factory as an excuse."

"You go too far"—

"No; it is you! I love you as my life, and you drive me mad with doubts. Knowing my weakness, you play upon it. I will have the truth, or"—

Katherine's face, gazing white and passionless in his, arrested him.

"Kathe," he pleaded, "I can't stand it. Right or wrong, you must have no secrets from me. It's torture"—

"Argument is useless, Kenneth"—Katherine's voice was as cold as her look—"quite useless. If I told you this, there would be something else to-morrow. I am not the woman for you. You are not the man for me."

"Did you love me as I"— began the man passionately.

"It's not a question of love," returned the girl. "I'm not going to allow you to spoil my life with your unbearable doubts, nor will I sacrifice my individuality on the altar of your jealousy. We have gone through this before, and you beat down my reason by appealing to my affection. Now I choose to be free, to put you out of my life once and for all."

In the days following Hadley strove to reopen the question, but Katherine would neither answer his appeals in writing nor grant him an interview, so at last silence fell between them. Then the girl tried to take up her life where it had been broken into by the coming of Kenneth, tried to rejoice in her recovered freedom, but as the weeks passed they grew heavier, dragging at her heart like the ball and chain on the convict's foot. She suffered in a manner that she could neither understand nor have believed possible and grew resentful at the persistent aching and craving that possessed her.

By night she tossed restlessly, insomnia her jailor, half choked with grief, to which she would give no outlet. She had resented Kenneth's masterful claim on her and on her pursuits. Why, then, when this supervision was lifted was she not content? Love she believed subservient to individuality. When one or other must be sacrificed she had had no hesitation in her choice. She had made a fetich of ego, to find in the end love had so undermined it that she was no longer an entity, sufficient to herself. Then succeeded days when half desperate in her unhappiness, she nearly capitulated; hours when it seemed as though an irresistible force impelled her to Kenneth, but always pride rose forbidding, and she made no sign.

"Kenneth sails Saturday," Mildred told her at last, risking a quarrel, having been forbidden to mention the name. "There being nothing to keep him here now," she continued comfortably, "he may never return." She watched with satisfaction the result of this stab. "I've often wondered," she persisted, "that you never regretted the break, but it's too late now, so it's better as it is."

Katherine made no response, but that night she went for the first time, and long, bitter sobs washed away every feeling but the love that gave them birth. She realized now that over her love for Kenneth his faults had no control. Human nature is so frail that it must love and cling where it can in spite of weakness.

Early Saturday, when Hadley was about to board an outbound vessel, a hand thrust suddenly out of the half light, caught at his sleeve. He turned at the touch.

"Katherine!" No thickness of veil could disguise her in his eyes. There they stood, silent, incapable of speech, staring at each other. The man recovered first and drew her toward the end of the dock, where great packing cases afforded some seclusion.

"You should not have come!"

"I had to. I've been all wrong, and I wanted to tell you. I've been writing—short stories—advertising copy for different firms; that's why I went to Charley Truax's office. He buys a number each year. No one knows. I didn't want them to—you especially, until I could do something worth while. You'll come back—back to America?"

"How much do you mean by telling me this?"

"As much as you wish. I've missed you so—your faults—my faults, what do they matter. Kenneth, I'm wretched without you—I"—

Then Hadley understood. Only at the last moment had he sufficient presence of mind to get his trunk pulled off the steamer before she slipped her moorings.

Kashgaria.

There are few places in the world so difficult to get at as Kashgaria. Though it lies in Chinese territory, the journey from Pekin occupies no less than six months. From India caravans take two months, having to cross meanwhile the three highest mountain ranges in the world by way of several passes measuring 18,000 feet above sea level.

Then from the tail end of the Russian railway system in central Asia one may reach Kashgaria in three weeks by several routes, all involving the transit of difficult and storm swept passes.

Kashgaria is said to cover an area of 350,000 square miles—a statement that has little interest until considered in relation to the proportion which is cultivated by man. It is startling to realize that human endeavor has been capable of rendering fertile little more than a hundredth part and that ninety-nine hundredths of it is irredeemable desert.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Why He Waited.

The following story is told of the bishop of Sodor and Man's visit to Melton Mowbray some time ago, says the Philadelphia Inquirer: A brougham awaited him at the station, and he stepped into it, expecting to be taken at once to his destination. To his surprise, however, the coachman sat motionless on the box without the least intention, apparently, of leaving the station. At last the bishop inquired why he was waiting.

"Well, sir," said the coachman, "I was told to wait for the Bishop of Sodor and Man. You've arrived, sir, and now I'm waiting for your man."

"Packing Off of Widows."

Some curious customs in the way of pastimes prevail in Korea. Among the farming classes there is one known as the "packing off of widows." This means a raid on a certain village known to contain a young widow. A widower, accompanied by friends, enters the village, carries off the woman in question and marries her.

The Deadheads.

"What started the riot at the performance of 'Hamlet' last night?"

"Hamm held the skull and said, 'Alas, poor Yorick, you are not the only dead head in the house.'" — Pearson's Weekly.

DANGER SIGNALS UP

Manufacturers Send Warning to Pennsylvania Republicans.

FEAR OF TARIFF TINKERING

Capital and Labor Seriously Concerned Over Agitation of "Iowa Idea" of Revision in the Stronghold of Protection.

[Special Correspondence.]

Philadelphia, Oct. 8.

A committee of manufacturers of this city has started a movement to impress upon the citizens of Pennsylvania their direct and vital interest in the maintenance of the protective tariff policy of the national government.

Following up the formal action taken at a recent meeting of the Manufacturers' club, when vigorous resolutions were adopted in opposition to any "tinkering with the tariff," influential men, prominently identified with the industrial interests of this state, have inaugurated an educational agitation to awaken the voters of Pennsylvania to the danger confronting them from the development of sentiment, in the west and elsewhere, in favor of a revision of the tariff.

The assistance of Chairman Wesley R. Andrews and his colleagues of the Republican State committee has been sought to further the campaign for a "stand pat" policy on the tariff issue.

Manufacturers Are Alarmed.

The manufacturers admit that they are concerned over the persistence of the tariff revisionists, and they look to Pennsylvania Republicans to come to the front, as they have done in the past, and emphasize their continued fealty to the principles of a protective tariff.

The tariff revisionists have been sending tons of literature into Pennsylvania for the purpose of breaking the lines of the protective tariff Republicans, and they have been banking upon cutting down the vote of the Republican state ticket at the coming election and thus weaken the voice of the state in the councils of the Republican party of the nation.

The enemies of protection are making a great play to have delegates elected to the coming Republican National convention who will favor the insertion of a plank in the platform calling for a revision of the tariff.

The manufacturers who have started in to combat this proposition realize the gravity of the situation and look to Pennsylvania to block the game of the revisionists.

Chairman Andrews' Call to Action.

After a conference with some of the leading manufacturers interested in the movement, which means so much to the industrial and business interests of this state, Colonel Andrews today said:

"Pennsylvania's industries are endangered by the agitation for a revision of the tariff, and none can appreciate what I say better than those who have their capital invested and who depend upon the protective tariff to shield them from ruinous competition from the products of the poorly paid labor of foreign countries.

"There must be no tinkering with the tariff, either before or after the presidential election, and Republicans of Pennsylvania must be alive to the situation. If any move shall be made to change existing tariff schedules, even in the slightest degree, it will inaugurate a period of doubt and uncertainty which would be reflected in the utter demoralization of Pennsylvania's manufacturing interests, and there could be but one result, a condition that would bear heavily upon the farmers and wage workers of our commonwealth, and seriously embarrass the capital employed in vast fields of commercial activity.

"Pennsylvania will not lose an opportunity at the coming election to proclaim to the other states in the Union that she has no sympathy with the 'Iowa idea' for a scaling down of the tariff.

"In no more effective and solemn manner can the Republicans of Pennsylvania meet this issue than by registering at the November election their emphatic decree that by no act of theirs shall the bars be let down which now exclude foreign competition with American labor.

"The contest this fall is but the skirmish of the great presidential battle of next year.

"If Pennsylvania shall roll up a pronounced majority for the cause of Republicanism in November, the state will continue to wield a potent influence in the national councils of the party.

"If, as the result of indifference and of paying heed to the shallow and sensational charges of the opposition, the Democratic candidate for state treasurer should be elected, of which, in my judgment, there is not the remotest chance if Republicans perform their full measure of duty, the shout would go up all over the land that the Republicans of Pennsylvania were indifferent as to the continuance of the tariff, and, thereby greatly weaken the influence of the Republicans of Pennsylvania in the next Republican national convention.

Necessity For Action.

"The consequence of such a state of affairs would be illustrated by a cessation of all industrial enterprises within our borders, with the inevitable result that the workingman and the farmer would in the end bear the brunt of the disaster.

"Face to face with these conditions and with the full knowledge as to the embarrassments that would follow, all Republicans are appealed to as members of the great party of protection and prosperity to recognize the necessity for earnest, active, and patriotic work in order not only to bury the opposition beyond the hope of resurrection, but to strengthen the position of our great state at next year's Republican national convention in the battle that must inevitably be fought there for the preservation of the protective policies which have made Pennsylvania the keystone of the industrial arch of the federal union. None should be deceived by those who affect not to see disaster in Republican ascendancy, but all should go to work at once with a will to discharge their full measure of duty.

"Every Republican committeeman should work to circumvent the designs of the Democrats to obtain possession of the state treasury, which, by the way, they will attempt to accomplish by the circulation of false statements and by aspersions upon the honesty of the Republicans of Pennsylvania. Their unsavory methods should inspire every Republican heart with the resolve to defeat their machinations by vigorously supporting the Republican candidate for state treasurer, Hon. John O. Sheats, whose name is a synonym for integrity, and who enjoys to the fullest extent the confidence of the party from one end of the state to the other.

"In consideration of the approach of an important presidential campaign," said Chairman Andrews, "Republicans of Pennsylvania should set the pace by rolling up a large majority at next November's election to accentuate their fealty to the principles of the Republican party and their adherence to the policy of 'leaving well enough alone,' a matter of vital importance to the manufacturers, farmers and wage earners of Pennsylvania, and also to emphasize their approval of the progressive policies of the national administration."

Famous Lilac Tree.

Chief among the many objects of interest in the gardens of Easton Lodge, Dunmow, the residence of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, is the magnificent lilac tree which occupies a conspicuous position on the terrace. This tree is the finest specimen of its kind in the United Kingdom. It has a circumference of 120 feet and a height of sixteen feet, and it has so dense a growth and blooms so profusely that when in flower it forms a huge bouquet of lilac blossoms.

The lilac is that commonly known as the Persian and described by the botanists as the Chinese, but it is not a native of either Persia or China, but was raised in the Rouen botanic garden in 1795 by the hybridization of the true Persian lilac and the common lilac of British gardens.

It was of noble proportions at the middle of the last century and produced such a magnificent display of blossoms that in the flowering season Viscount Maynard, Lady Warwick's grandfather, used to make a special journey from London to enjoy the beauty and fragrance of the flowers.—Gardener's Magazine.

Luncheon in Germany.

I was told at 8:30 it was time for luncheon, writes an American tinsmith working in Leipzig. On stating that I did not care to eat, he told me that it would be better if I did no work, so I sat down for half an hour and watched the others. At noon we had an hour and a half and at 4 o'clock fifteen minutes for lunch.

It may be of interest to some readers to know what the German eats. For his first breakfast he generally has a milk roll and a cup of coffee. The second breakfast is almost always a slice of bread with lard or goose oil, a piece of sausage or cheese and a bottle of beer. For dinner he has two slices of bread as above, with a herring or large green pickle, cheese or sausage and another bottle of beer. For lunch another bottle of beer and a milk roll. For supper soup and potatoes.

This is the general variety of foods we had for the four months I worked in that shop, and they had it day in and day out.—New York World.

When He Enjoyed Life.

Among the tombs near the old Arlington mansion on the Chesapeake is the mausoleum of John Custis, the father of Martha Washington's first husband. It bears this suggestive inscription:

Beneath this Marble Tomb lies ye Body of the Honorable John Custis, Esq. Of the City of Williamsburg and Parish of Burton Formerly of Hungars Parish on the Eastern Shore of Virginia and the County of Northampton the Place of his Nativity. Aged 71 years, and yet lived but seven years.

Which was the space of time he kept A Bachelor's House at Arlington On the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

It is said that before his marriage Custis did have a free and easy life. His marriage was of importance to his country, for he was the progenitor of several leading families. One would like to know Mrs. Custis' version of the life they had together, which he regarded as unworthy to be called living.—Youth's Companion.

Finding a Grave With an Egg.

The Miau-tsze, a little known tribe in Asia, are very superstitious about death and will not bury a man until they have first tested the ground with an egg. This operation is very curious. While the body is being prepared for burial a number of Miau-tsze, including the male relatives of the deceased, go out to the appointed spot bearing a large basket of eggs. Stooping down, one of the natives lets an egg drop softly on the ground. If it breaks it is considered an ill omen, and another spot is selected. In this way the party often wander about for hours, breaking eggs over the ground until they finally strike a place where the shell does not crack.

Java's Fire Island.

One of the greatest wonders of Java, "the fire island," a large lake of boiling mud, is nearly two miles in circumference, and in the center immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling, like great black timbers thrust forth and then suddenly withdrawn by a giant's hand. Besides the phenomena of the columns, there are two gigantic bubbles near the western edge, which fill up like huge balloons and explode on an average three times per minute.

Cause for Haste.

"I understand that [illegible] haste."

"Yes; they told the minister to hurry because there was only a little gasoline left in their automobile and they were twenty miles from home."—New York Town Topics.

Plenty of Them.

Joakley—You're right. Most people worry over what they haven't got, but I know certain people who worry because of what they have. Coakley—That so? What have they? Joakley—Nothing.—Philadelphia Press.

Evolution.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is evolution?" "Evolution, my son, is a sort of apology which man has invented for displaying so many of the traits of the lower animals."—Washington Star.

Bobby's Energy.

Mother—Why, Bobbie, what do you mean by making baby eat that yeast cake? Bobbie—Boo-hoo, he swallowed my fifty cent piece, and I'm trying to raise the dough.—Cornell Widow.

SEE WHAT'S HERE!

The New Suits for Fall have come.

They are now in stock and waiting to be looked at.

There are a lot of new things in colorings and in patterns.

The cuts are a little different from last season.

We wish this announcement to be your invitation to look over this new stock.

It may be early; you may not need a suit now, but the experience of looking will be a treat.

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Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by E. W. Hilton, H. W. Bubin, Robert Bauer, M. P. Straight and G. R. Mayo to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., under the provisions of an Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, P. L. 73, and the several supplements thereto for the charter for an intended corporation to be called Smethport Chemical Company; the character and object of which is the manufacturing and marketing acetate of lime, wood alcohol, charcoal and other products of wood from distillation, and for these purposes to have, posses and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

E. R. Mayo & Son, Solicitors.

August 21, 1907.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the application of William H. Hungerford, occupation, wholesale liquor dealer, and Fred H. Hungerville, occupation, clerk, present residence Smethport, Pa., for transfer of wholesale liquor license granted to Joseph A. Holder, at No. 62 June Sessions, 1907, on the 15th day of May, 1907, and transferred to the said William H. Hungerford on the first day of June, 1907, at the store building situate on the south side of Main street, in Square No. 32, known as the Joseph A. Holder building, in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, will be heard by the court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, at Chambers in Smethport, Pa., on Saturday, the 12th day of October, 1907, at 9 o'clock p. m.

Gorton & Richmond, Attorneys for Applicants.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Frank O. Richmond, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Frank O. Richmond, late of the borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

Mary E Richmond, Administratrix. Smethport, Pa., Sept. 9th, 1907.

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